

SEPTEMBER

35 CENTS

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
Publishers

"When I was a little girl,"  
Grandmother began.



Full-page black and white drawing

**A**LICE, Bobby and Pink were modern, up-to-date, little children, but after listening to the stories of Grandmother's life on her father's farm sixty years ago, they felt that it would have been exciting, indeed, to have lived then.

## EARLY CANDLELIGHT STORIES

Written by STELLA C. SHETTER

Illustrated by DOROTHY LAKE GREGORY

Published by  
**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**  
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago



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## How Jimmy Beaver became king for a day . . . .

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# CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume IV

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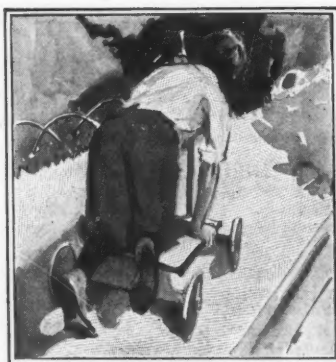
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# Millions of mothers are asking

*"Where can we find boys' and girls' shoes that wear longer and cost less?"*



*Active feet and concrete pavements are mighty hard on shoes.*

WHAT strenuous lives children live! And how they do "go through" a pair of shoes!

You can't change boys and girls. But you can change shoes. You can buy shoes that defy destructive little feet to do their worst. Not only *better* shoes, but shoes that *cost less*. Shoes that take a big strain off your pocketbook—both by their longer wear and by their lower prices:

Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls.

## *Actually tested on boys and girls*

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in stitching. Foundations are right—repairs, when necessary, can be made economically.

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*Sterling—Boys' light tan Oxford. For dress and general wear.*



# ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

*Endwell—Girls' light tan Oxford. A smart shoe for street and every-day wear.*





## OUR CARGO

A THOUGHT of mine went sailing  
Across the sea to-day!  
It didn't stop to say good-bye  
But twinkled right away.

And when I blew a kiss to it  
And waved and waved my hands,  
It heeded not, but dashed away  
To visit other lands.

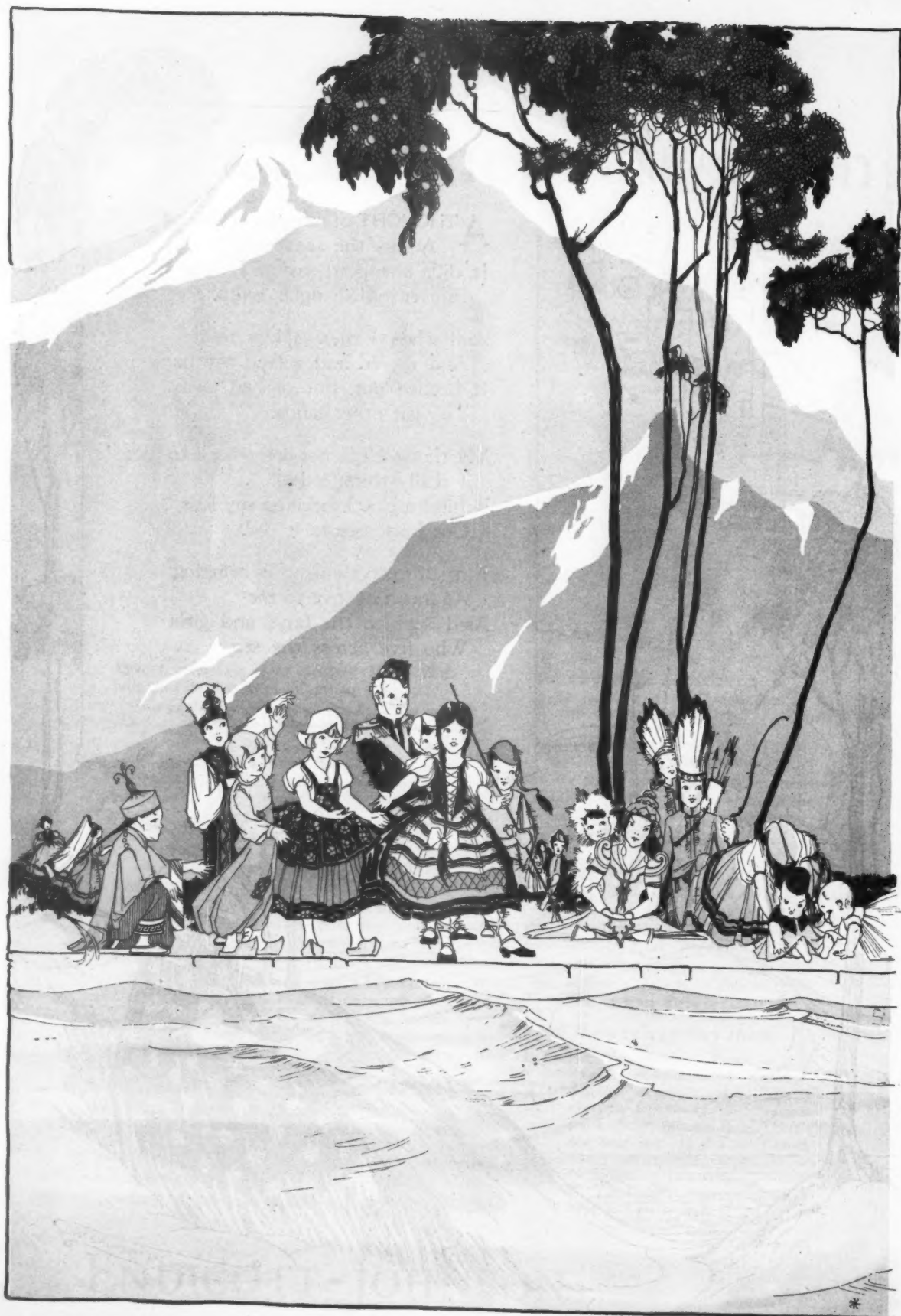
My thought has not come back to me;  
I really think it hid  
Behind a cloud, because my kiss  
Got back before it did.

I'm sure my thought is bringing  
As much of love to me  
As I sent to the boys and girls  
Who live across the sea.

*Rose Waldo, editor.*

MILNES LYON HETHERINGTON







## NEIGHBORS

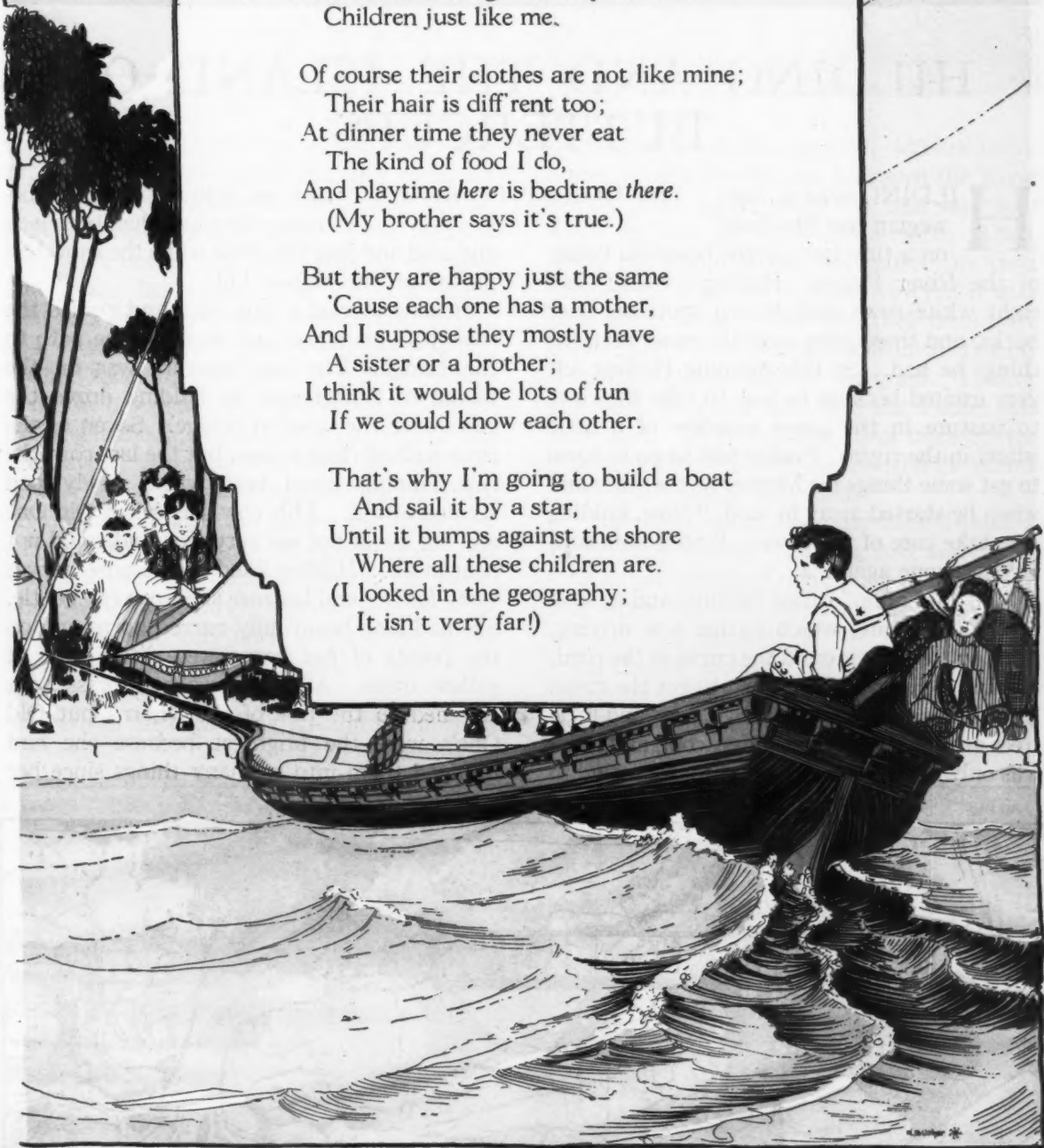
HELEN WING

SOMETIMES my brother lets me look  
In his geography;  
The lands are painted rainbow-bright;  
The blue is for the sea,  
And in each foreign country there are  
Children just like me.

Of course their clothes are not like mine;  
Their hair is diff'rent too;  
At dinner time they never eat  
The kind of food I do,  
And playtime *here* is bedtime *there*.  
(My brother says it's true.)

But they are happy just the same  
'Cause each one has a mother,  
And I suppose they mostly have  
A sister or a brother;  
I think it would be lots of fun  
If we could know each other.

That's why I'm going to build a boat  
And sail it by a star,  
Until it bumps against the shore  
Where all these children are.  
(I looked in the geography;  
It isn't very far!)





## TYPES OF CHILDREN

# HILDING AND THE ISLAND OF BUTTERCUPS

**H**ILDING was a Norwegian boy who lived on a tiny farm in the beautiful valley of the River Flaam. Hilding's father had eight white cows with brown spots on their backs, and these cows were the most precious things he had. So this morning Hilding felt very excited because he was to take the cows to pasture in the green meadow of a little island in the river. Father had to go to town to get some things for Mother at the store and when he started away he said, "Now, Hilding son, take care of the cows. Watch well until I come home again."

"Ja, Ja, Fadre," called Hilding, and as soon as the *stolkjaare*, which Father was driving, went out of sight around the curve of the road, Hilding went to the red barn to get the cows. The barn was very old. It had grass and little trees growing up from its mossy roof, and there was only one window. The cows were glad to

By DOROTHY ROWE

get out into the sunshine because the winter had been long and cold and just this little while the snow had melted on the highest hills.

Hilding carried a long stick and guided the cows past his house and on down the path to the bridge. The best pasture was on the Island of Buttercups, so Hilding drove the cows over the wooden bridge. Seven of the cows walked right across, but the last cow, the cow Hilding loved best, went slowly and seemed afraid. This cow was called Old One and she could not see very well and could not hear at all. Hilding liked her because he was sorry for her and because she was very gentle. She had long beautifully curved horns and on the points of her horns were little caps of yellow brass. All the cows had brass caps fastened to the tips of their horns but Old One's were the brightest because she had bumped them into so many things since her





eyes bothered her.

Hilding talked to Old One as he helped her along the bridge but she did not answer him, because, Hilding said, she could not hear. She walked slowly along and her mouth moved up and down, up and down as

if she had something very nice to eat. Her brown eyes moved quickly but they could not see the water splashing under the little bridge.

When the cows were safely in the meadow eating the new, green grass, Hilding sat down and picked buttercups from the little island that was so covered with them that it looked as if it were made of gold. Hilding was hot. He had rolled up the legs of his yellow overalls and now he opened the neck of his blue shirt. Hilding had hair as gold as the buttercups and blue eyes. After he had filled his cap with flowers he went to visit the places he liked best on the island. He ran across the grass to a shady place under some pale green trees. He watched the waves splash against the island and divide to go down angrily on either side as if they were very cross at the lovely green and yellow island for standing in their way. Rivers are very selfish when they come rushing down from the tops of high mountains into the

valley. Rivers get very angry at little islands that stand quite still in the place the river would like to go and will not let the water push them away.

Sometimes, Hilding knew, the great river did terrible things to the wee green islands.

Once he had watched from the window of his house, after a storm, and had seen the River Flaam grow larger with the rain and roar down on the Island of Buttercups. Then, when the island would not move, the river jumped right on top of it and covered it with pale green water. The beautiful trees were broken and the buttercups bent until they lay with their cheeks against the grass. Hilding had been very sad that day, but Father had only said, "It is well the cows were on the hillside to-day. If they had been on the island, all of them would have died."

"But what about the poor little Island of Buttercups, Padre?" Hilding had asked.

"O, that will be all right in a few hours, Son, and when the sun shines all the buttercups will lift their faces again."

As Hilding stood wriggling his bare toes in the grass he thought of that other day and wondered what would happen if his cows were



(Continued on page 547)



## QUEER HABITS

CORNEILLE McCARN

AN ESKIMO baby, all dressed up in fur,

Who lives in a little igloo,

Must warm up his toes by a fire made of moss.

Now, doesn't this seem queer to you?

And when he is good, as most Eskimos are,

His mother brings out a raw fish,

And gives him a mouthful to have for dessert.

Now, doesn't this seem a queer dish?

No doubt, if this Eskimo baby came down

From far, snowy lands, it would seem

Even queerer to him, that we eat with such glee

A big, chilly mound of ice cream!



Lida May White



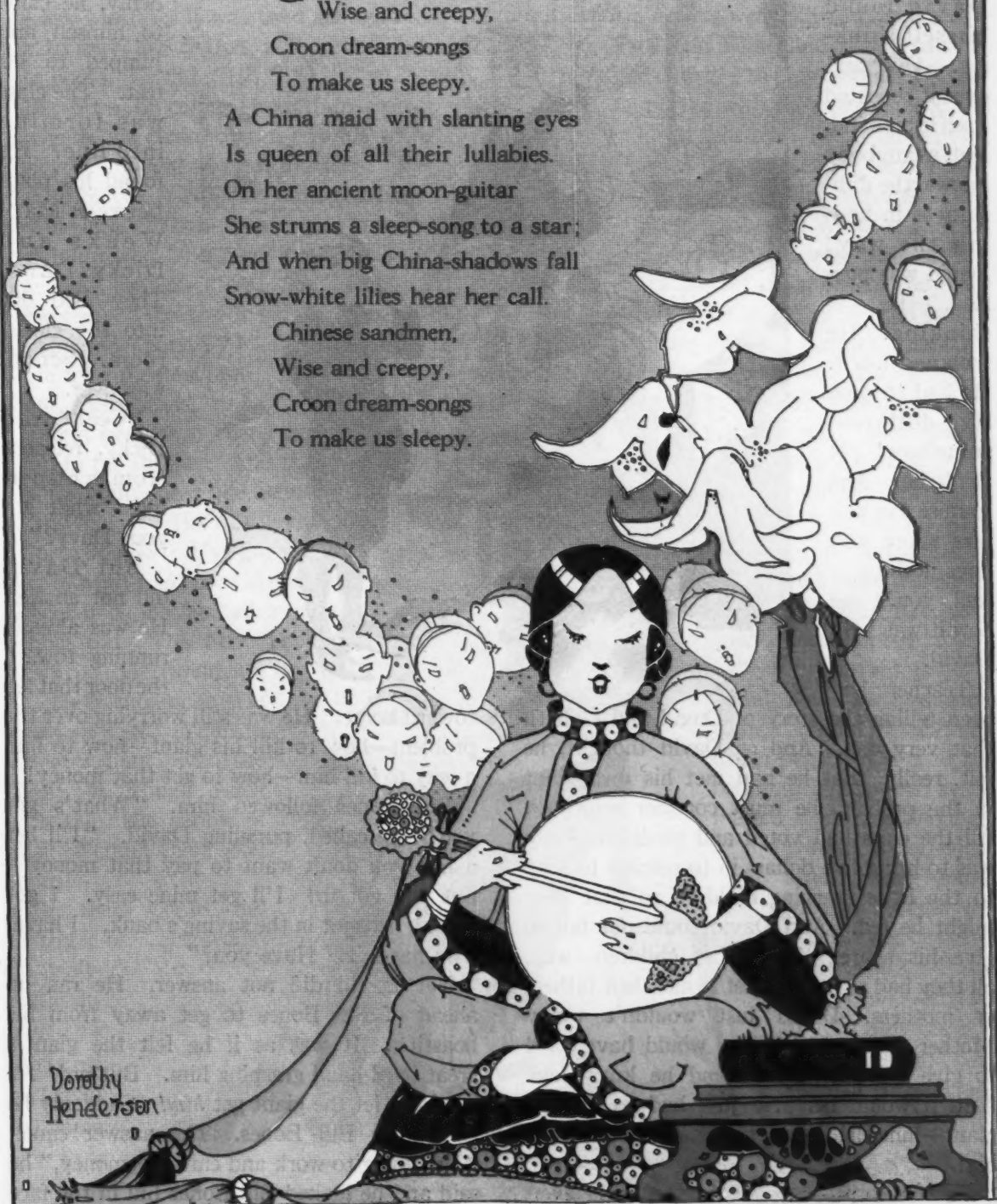
## CHINESE LULLABY

DOROTHY HENDERSON

CHINESE sandmen,  
Wise and creepy,  
Croon dream-songs  
To make us sleepy.

A China maid with slanting eyes  
Is queen of all their lullabies.  
On her ancient moon-guitar  
She strums a sleep-song to a star;  
And when big China-shadows fall  
Snow-white lilies hear her call.

Chinese sandmen,  
Wise and creepy,  
Croon dream-songs  
To make us sleepy.

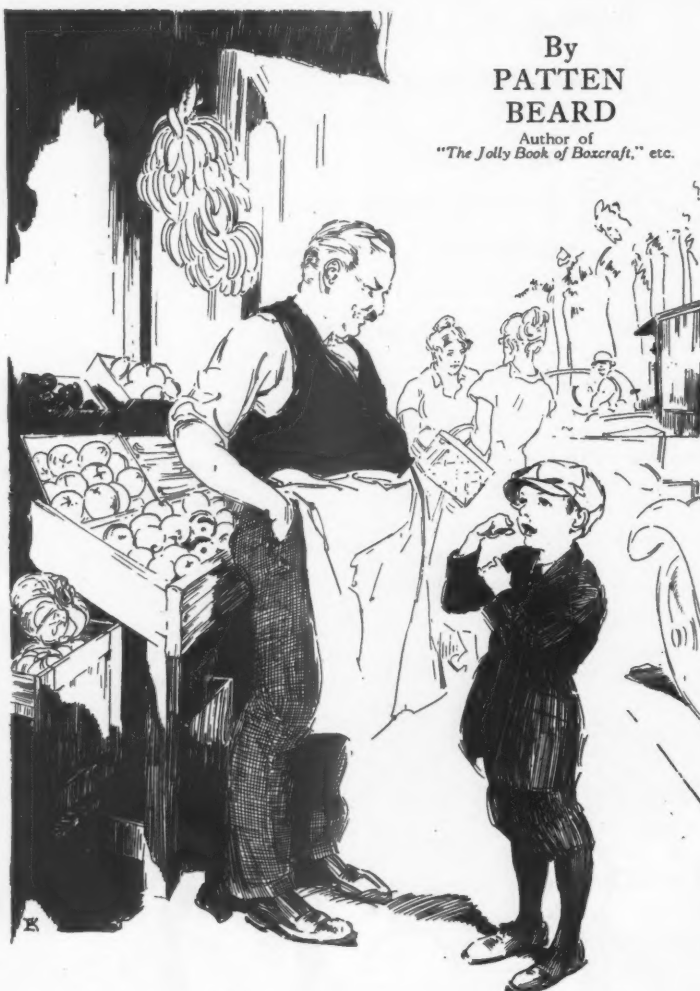


# LITTLE DAVID'S BIG GIANT

**W**HERE there's a will, there's a way." That was what David found himself thinking. Over and over it repeated itself in his mind. But, as anybody knows, the difficulty is in finding the way! David was puzzled. He was thinking. He frowned hard. He had to raise five dollars—somehow! It *had* to be! And to raise five dollars when you have nothing—well, you'll see how it was with David.

Teacher had been telling the story of David and Goliath that very day. And as David thought, he felt, really, that he had met his own giant in the problem he must conquer somehow. All the class had voted and pledged. Each was to bring five dollars in to teacher to send to the little starving children so that they might be fed. And David could not fail to give his share. The other children—well, all they had to do was just to ask their fathers or mothers. David just wouldn't worry Mother—*he couldn't!* She would have tried to give him the money and he knew how hard it would be. He just had to kill his giant—himself! And the giant was pretty big!

He was so preoccupied that he never even heard the class dismissed. "David," came



By  
**PATTEN  
BEARD**

Author of  
"The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," etc.

Miss Burton's voice; "Stand! Quick! Order! The others are waiting!" Suddenly, he came to himself and jumped to his feet. The class was forming into line. He found his place between Mary Weeks and Dicky Daws. They filed out into the cloak-room. School was over.

"Gee!" cried Dicky, released from whispering, "what got you, Davy?"

But David did not answer. He was already running toward the door that led

toward home. He was still worrying over the problem—how to kill his giant—how to find a way to kill him—how to get that money!

Bill Bones followed him. "What's got you?" he called, pursuing David. "I'll bet a hen you don't want to pay that money—but you got to! I'll get mine easy. I got a bank account in the saving's bank. I have! You haven't! Have you?"

Yet David did not answer. He ran on ahead of Bill Bones to get away from his boasting. It was as if he felt the giant's great hard hand grasping him. But no! *He* wouldn't let the giant get *him!* Suddenly he turned on Bill Bones. The answer came: "I'm going to work and earn my money," he said and he looked Bill Bones full in the face so that Bill Bones' eyes dropped.

"Oh well," returned Bill Bones. But he said no more. He turned into his front yard. "So long," he cast back. "Ta-ta!" He was gone.

As David went toward home, he was just wondering about what he had said so suddenly. When one is eight years old what can one do to earn money? No. He could not ask Mother; it was hard enough for her to buy his clothes and he needed new boots—he did.

Big boys, of course, went into stores and acted as clerks or ran errands with a bicycle. David was not fourteen. He had no bicycle. Nobody wanted a little boy of eight. Yet he went into a grocery and inquired. The man looked at him and smiled. "No, Son," he answered. "We got a lad to help us already. Sorry!"

He tried the next store. They shook their heads.

David went on. There was a lump in his throat. And there was the giant—just like David's of the story. He was saying, "Come on now! I've got *you*!" But it wasn't so—David would not let it be so; he had a little pebble too. The little pebble was grit. He would use it. He would stick. He *would get a job!* You can kill any giant, even the Giant of Tough Luck with the little pebble of grit. Weren't there *other* shops!

But there was Mother to think of. She would be waiting, as she always waited for David to come home from school.

He had to go home now. Mother was waiting, watching at the window, perhaps.

So he ran home. But he said nothing to Mother about the giant as he drank his glass of milk and ate his ginger cookie.

"I think you'd better change to play things," suggested Mother. "Then you can run out and play." He always went out to play after he had been home and kissed Mother and changed to play clothes. Usually he played with the other kids on the block near-by. Today he went off down the street. He turned in at the door of Mr. Stevens' Drug Store, corner of Main and Wall.

Mr. Stevens was busy in the back. He came out of the place where he mixed drugs and looked down over his counter where the candy boxes were. He smiled at David. "Well?" he questioned.

"I want a job," said David. "Have you got a job?"

Mr. Stevens grinned. "For who—*you*?" he cried. And his voice had surprise in it and unbelief.

He did not quite believe he had heard straight. "Not *you*?" he repeated.

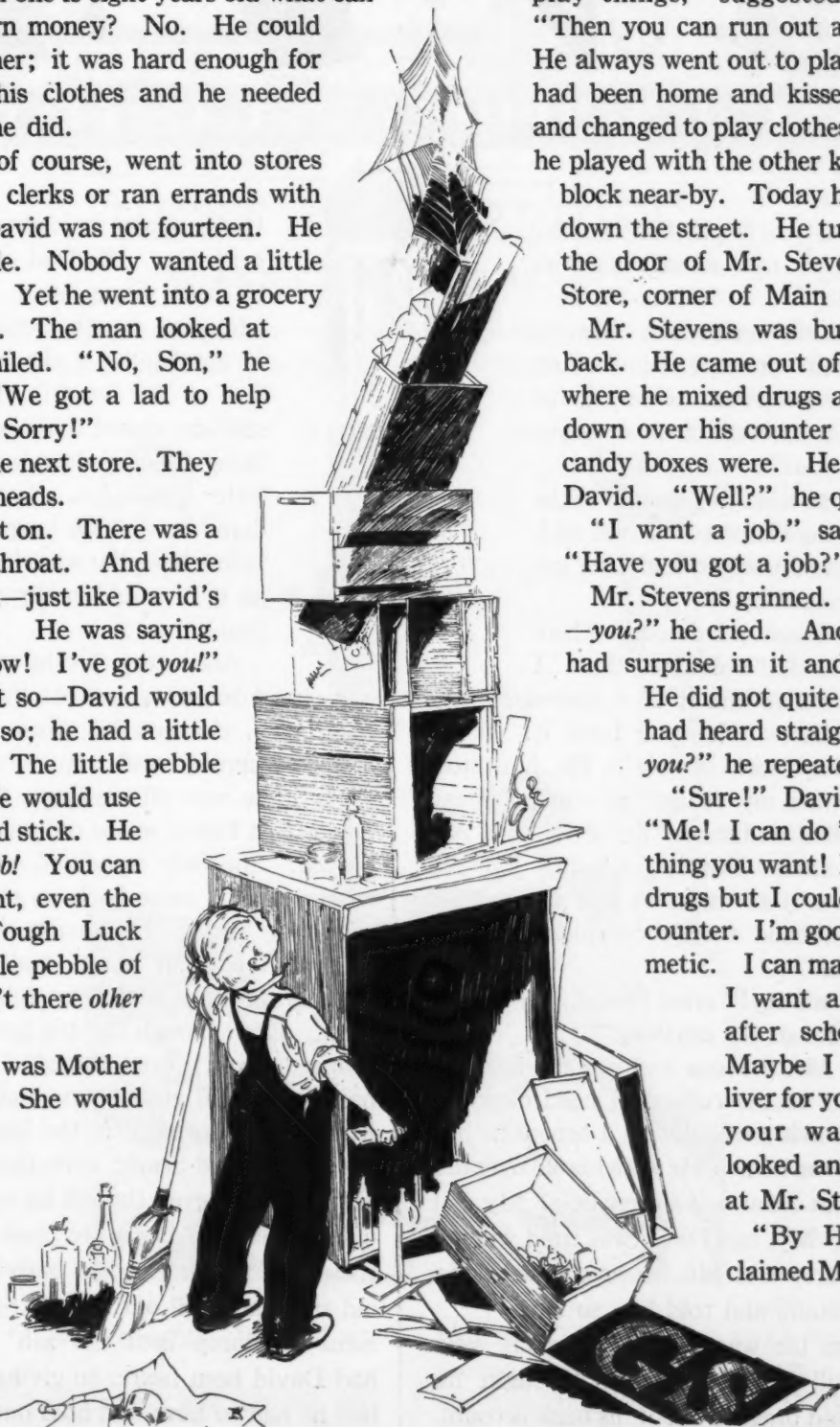
"Sure!" David nodded. "Me! I can do 'most anything you want! I can't mix drugs but I could tend the counter. I'm good at arithmetic. I can make change.

I want a job—just after school hours. Maybe I could deliver for you or sweep your walk—" he looked anxiously up at Mr. Stevens.

"By Heck!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens.

"You! How old are you?"

"Going





on nine," David returned.

"You!"

"Sure, me," David repeated. "I—I can do a man-sized job if you'll only try me! I got to earn five dollars before next Friday. I just got to. I don't care what you've got to do—

I'll do it if you'll pay me the five dollars. I'm not afraid of work at all!"

"Well, well," cried Mr. Stevens, coming from around the counter. "I suppose you want to buy a red scooter or a baseball outfit or something, do you?"

"I want to send five dollars to the little starving children," David said. "All our class pledged and I've got to earn my money."

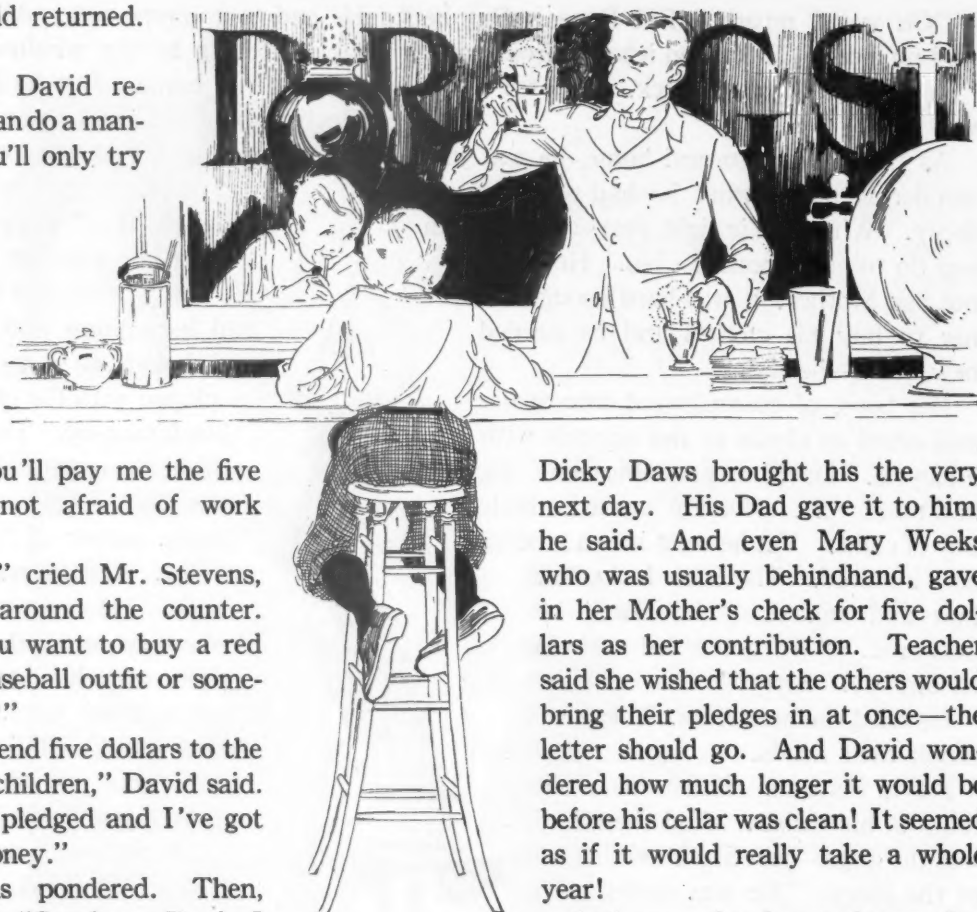
Mr. Stevens pondered. Then, aloud he said, "See here, Boy! I have got work—but it is a man-sized job. I sort of hate to let you have it. It's a mighty dirty sort of job." He hesitated. "It's cleaning my cellar," he said. "I can give you five dollars for doing it. I'd pay that to a man. But it's a man's job, my boy! It's sort of mean to give a small lad a man's job and there's considerable hefty work there."

"Oh, let me try!" cried David. "I'll wear overalls. I can do *anything*!"

And, as Mr. Stevens had not the heart to say *no* and as the cellar did need cleaning, next day David arrived with a broom he had borrowed from home. He wore his old overalls.

My! That cellar was a dirty hole! My, but it was hot! My, but David was tired when it was five-thirty and Mr. Stevens called down the cellar stairs and told him to stop.

That was the way it was every day after school. Bill Bones, at school, brought his money in and bragged about his bank account.



Dicky Daws brought his the very next day. His Dad gave it to him, he said. And even Mary Weeks who was usually behindhand, gave in her Mother's check for five dollars as her contribution. Teacher said she wished that the others would bring their pledges in at once—the letter should go. And David wondered how much longer it would be before his cellar was clean! It seemed as if it would really take a whole year!

And every day he ran home after school and drank his glass of milk and munched his cookie, changed his clothes to overalls, kissed Mumsey and ran away. Mumsey thought he was off playing. She knew she could trust David so she did not ask where he played. She only wondered why he was so tired when he came back to supper—and so frightfully dirty. Even more so than usual!

Well—the cellar giant—really David *was* conquering him with his pebbles of grit. Sure! Even though the big boxes had to be dragged about; even though David cut his hand on an old glass bottle and had to have Mr. Stevens doctor it in the little back room where he mixed drugs; even though his overalls got torn; even though he was dead tired out—the cellar began to *look clean*! And there had been no end of barrels to fill with old trash and roll out for the Street Department to dump into the ash cart! Never had David been nearer to giving up! Never had he had to have and hold onto *grit* as this

(Continued on page 551)





## NURSERY - NUGGETS

### BETTY'S SURPRISE

By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT

ONE night Betty sat on the floor before the fireplace, playing with her doll.

The house was very quiet. By and by there came the tinkle, tinkle of a wee bell.

Betty listened and listened.

"What is it?" she thought.

Then all was quiet.

By and by there came the pit-pat of wee feet up the stairs. Betty listened and listened. "What is it?" she thought.

Then all was quiet.

By and by there came the pitty-pat of wee feet coming along the hall. Betty listened and listened.

"What is it?" she thought. Then all was quiet.

By and by there came a wee tapping, tap-

ping at the door. Betty listened and listened.

"What is it?" she thought. Then all was quiet.

By and by the door opened a wee bit. Then it opened a wee bit more. Then a wee, wee bit of an ear appeared. Betty looked and looked. Then a wee bit of a paw appeared.

Betty looked and looked. Then another wee, wee bit of an ear appeared—and two bright eyes, and a wee bit of a nose—and last of all, a wee bit of a tail. Then Betty knew what it was.

Can you guess what it was? It was a darling, wee, white Kitty

Kitten with a red ribbon and a wee silver bell around its neck. The wee, white Kitty Kitten had come to live with Betty!



## THE TILLIEHEEH

JOHN DUKES McKEE

OH, THE giggly, wiggly Tillieheehee,  
Lives in a queer little cave by the sea.

He has a pink bow under his chin,  
Just at the place where his whiskers begin,

And horn-rimmed glasses, not for his sight  
But to make him look witty, pretty, and bright.

He lives upon gumdrops, pickles and tea  
And little blue jellyfish, fresh from the sea.

He has a merman to tickle his nose,  
Another his ears and another his toes.

And he laughs and giggles and wiggles all night  
And chuckles and roars until it gets light.

Then he wraps up his head in his overgrown tail  
And sings him to sleep with a musical wail.

And if ever you pass this cave by the sea,  
Won't you tickle the nose of the Tillieheehee?





## THE WISE CAPTAIN

JOHN DUKES MCKEE

THREE soldiers brave, one day set sail  
Upon the ocean blue.  
They sailed and fished and loafed and bailed,  
And looked for oyster stew.

There was Captain Blibb, who looked quite bad,  
(He really was quite nice)  
And Corporal Blabb and Private Blubb  
Looked to him for advice.

The waves ran high, the food ran low,  
The outlook was quite bleak.  
The Captain brave, looked in the hold  
And cried, "Behold a leak!"

The sun went down, the moon came up  
Upon the saddened three.  
Asked Blubb, "Oh, how will we get home?"  
Said Blabb, "I'm all at sea!"

At last they stranded high and dry  
Upon a toadstool isle.  
They searched for prunes or griddlecakes,  
But gave up after while.

"This hunger makes me want to fight,"  
Cried each one of the three.  
"But alack, alas, alas, alas!  
We have no enemy."

The captain paced the waste of sand,  
The Corporal scanned the sea.  
And meanwhile Blubb began to snore,  
Though slightly off the key.

Their hopes had flown, as you'll suspect.  
In fact there was no doubt.  
It was quite sad, 'till Captain Blibb  
Began to jump and shout.

"Squads right! 'bout face! Yo ho! Heave to!  
The day looks brighter now.  
We'll cut a toadstool top clear off,  
And use it for a scow."

And so they did, I have been told,  
And now this tale is done.  
They got back home at half past six,  
Or was it half past one?



# THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

## MONKEY OPENS SHOE SHINING SHOP

A few mornings ago a tin beetle, propelled by clockwork, ran into the Tattler office in a dreadful state of agitation.

"Hey!" buzzed the bug, whirling around and around the table, for he was thoroughly wound up and completely unable to stop. "Hey! There's a big crowd on Chooley-gummy Avenue near Googlegargle's



Garage. Must be an accident or fight, or distribution of free gumdrops, or sewing on of buttons without charge, or something exciting. I can't wait to tell you more. Come on and see!" And out through the door he shot, his wheels squeaking quite furiously and his spring nearly snapping under the strain of his mad rate of speed.

The reporter for the Tattler isn't blessed with a very strong spring, and therefore it was not until several minutes later that he turned into Chooleygummy Avenue and saw with his own eyes a crowd of toys much interested in something sheltered by a large cardboard box near Googlegargle's Garage, just as the tin bug had described it to him.

Now, what do you suppose it was all about? An ambitious plush monkey named Boobynuts had resigned his job killing roaches on the roofs of Toytown soapboxes, and had opened a shoe shining parlor in a cardboard palace that was no longer necessary for keeping the rain off breakfast food.

Boobynuts had bought a can of delightfully bad-smelling shoe polish with his year's salary and was rapidly becoming a millionaire monkey by furiously shining every shoe in the village at one prune pit per polish.

Of course, the dollies were the best customers, having the shoeiest shoes and being most particular about their condition. The hoofy-hoofers, such as horses, giraffes, and camels, also were good clients, although they always had only the front hoofs shined, not caring to pay double prune pits for all four feet.

Something very funny happened while the reporter was watching the ceremony. A Teddy Bear came in his bare feet. Now who would be crazy enough to go into a shoe-shining parlor without shoes and stockings on and ask for a shine? Boobynuts scratched his head, while the bear scratched one foot with the other. Finally somebody in the crowd had a bright idea. It was an enameled camel who saved the situation.

"Why, that's easy!" he drawled, over a half-chewed jellybean. "Shine his eyes!" A roar of mirth arose from the waiting toys as the monkey polished the two black buttons with which the Teddy Bear knew that pink wasn't yellow and that here wasn't there. Now every bear in Toytown comes to the monkey every Saturday night to have his eyes shined. And Boobynuts rewarded the kind camel for his idea by shining all four of his hoofs and the tip of his nose for the price of one lonesome prune pit.

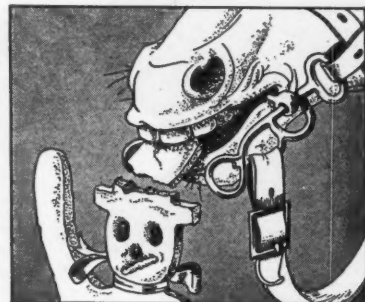
## WEATHER REPORT

Gumdrop hailstorm expected. If you don't like gumdrops, stay in your soapbox. If you do, stay out all night with your mouth open, being careful not to get hit on the nose.

## GINGERBREAD JOE AND THE HUNGRY HORSE

Do you know Gingerbread Joe? He's the only gingerbread man in Toytown. Joe is left over from last Christmas, and is therefore a hard guy by this time.

Gingerbread Joe is perhaps the best bred person in Toytown, for he was the only one who wore a high hat on all occasions. Perhaps Joe doesn't deserve much credit for



wearing the hat, however, for it was baked onto him in a nice warm oven. He informed all the toys of that fact himself, so that they wouldn't think him impolite for not tipping his bonnet every time he met a doll on the street. Joe simply substituted words for the action at each meeting. Instead of saying "How do you do, Miss Cracker-face!" for example, he would smile gingerly and say, "Hatty-hat-hat, my dear!"—at which the dolly would understand that his intentions were good.

This situation is now a past story, however. On last Tuesday evening, at sixty-six minutes after six, to be exact, Joe lost his hat. A big delivery horse ate it; a real, live horse—live enough to be very, very hungry, and horse enough not to care a bit about poor Gingerbread Joe's feelings.

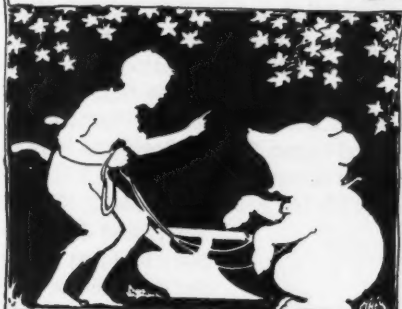
"I'm lucky not to have lost more than the hat, I suppose!" said Joe, who, fortunately, always looked on the bright side of things. And he raised his raisin eyes tragically as he brushed the hat crumbs from his gingerbread head.



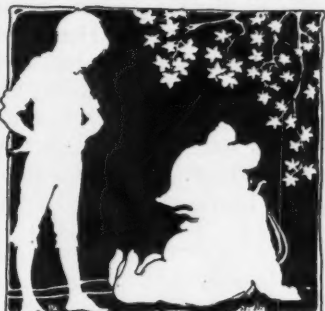


# THE JOLLY J'S.

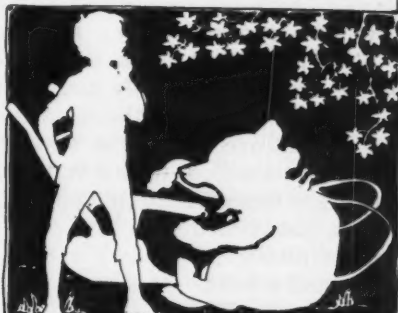
BY HELENE NYCE.



Johnny expected Jock to work even if the mule HAD kicked him. He insisted. — Jock was astonished! But Johnny was firm.



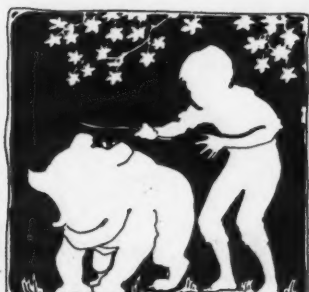
Then Jock was mad — clear through. He sat down flat. Johnny looked at him. When JOHNNY



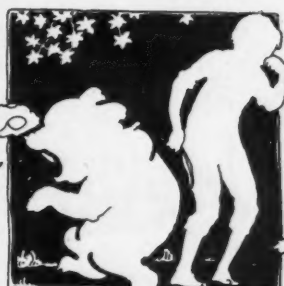
Disobeyed, there were two ways — He looked at his feet — they wore no slippers — Then he looked at the trees.



they wore so many switches, that he broke off the very smallest.



And regretfully — and VERY gently — he — switched Jock. Oh! How it hurt!



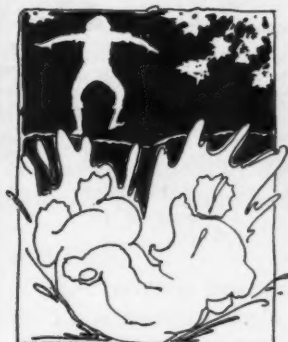
Jock's feelings (His RIBS were only tickled by it) O! how it hurt Johnny tho' Jock didn't know it.



One jerk broke his collar — another the straps. His foot caught in a briar, and —



He stumbled — rolled over and over down hill and into the little brook —



KER-SPLASH!



He looked back — but Johnny was laughing.



Then Jock decided. No one loved him — he — WOULD RUN AWAY.

# THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT

**I**T WAS the morning of Dolly's birthday. She was born, you remember, in

August, but Dolly wasn't getting ready for a party. Instead she was just walking up to Harriet's with a pattern that Mother had borrowed and wanted to get back to Harriet's mother, and she was feeling rather blue.

"Last year," she was thinking to herself, "I gave away my birthday to a Fresh Air Child, and this year I've had it ahead of time. Next year I'm going to have my regular birthday on the regular day, with a regular party. I am so!"

There had been a circus, you see, the day before at the Corners, and Dolly had chosen to go to it rather than have a birthday party. So now her fun was all over. And the worst of it was that the circus turned out to be a very poor one. There wasn't any menagerie except two tired-looking bears, a zebra that smelled suspiciously of paint, and a moth-eaten camel. The tumblers and acrobats joked more than they tumbled, and Dolly couldn't understand their jokes. The trapeze performers swung tamely back and forth, and fell into the safety net every time they tried a jump. The calliope was noisy and the clown was funny, but it takes more than a clown and a calliope to make a circus.

The only thing that Dolly liked was the Counting Pony. Dick said there was a trick about the Pony's act—that when the man in the tall black hat snapped his whip and said, "Count six!" and the Pony pawed six times, that didn't mean he could count. But Dolly didn't care whether he could or not. He was the cutest, roundest, friendliest little fellow she'd ever seen, and she wished till she ached that she

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series,  
the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

could have a fat, friendly little brown pony to ride and drive and pet. Why, right

now, if she had that pony, this tiresome errand to Harriet's mother would be turned into the most blissful sort of birthday treat.

*Oh, could it be?*

Dolly stood still and stared. She rubbed her eyes to make sure she was awake. Then, walking softly so as not to startle him, she went forward towards the dear little fat, friendly circus pony, which was trotting along, all saddled and bridled, to meet her.

"Here, you!" cried a man's voice. It was the high-hatted circus man—he was wearing a checked cap today—driving the pony by the bridle reins. He jerked the pony's head to one side, turned him up to a bar-way, and began to take down the bars—the ones into Dolly's father's big pasture. Then he slapped the pony with the reins and yelled, "Git in

thar!" and when the pony had run in, he put up the bars.

All this time he hadn't noticed Dolly. When he turned away from the bars, there she stood, beaming at him.

"Hello, kid!" he said, and started off fast, back the way he had come.

"Will it be all right," panted Dolly, running along beside him, "for me to pat the pony?"

"Sure," said the man. "He won't bite. Go to it!"

But first Dolly wanted to ask something else. "Is he going to stay in our pasture all day?" she demanded, still running to keep up with the man.

This time he stopped. "That your pasture?" he asked rather crossly.

"Well, it's my

daddy's," said Dolly smiling up at him.

"Is that so?" asked the man. "Where do you live?"



Dolly pointed in the direction where home was.

"Well, now is that possible?" said the man, very pleasant all of a sudden. "I hired pasturage for that little horse of a man up there." He waved his hand toward the hills. "I thought this was the field he directed me to. Well, I must get right back to the circus. You tell your father I'll settle with him on his own terms."

"I'll remember to tell him 'zackly that," said Dolly. "He'll be pleased to have that dear little pony in his pasture." And quite forgetting her errand to Harriet's mother, Dolly ran off, first to pat the pony on his fuzzy brown nose—and he ran right up to her to let her do it—and then to tell Father.

Father didn't seem especially pleased. "Looks very queer to me," he said. "That circus goes on the road today. Why is he leaving his pony?"

"He didn't say why," explained Dolly.

"Should I have told him to ask first, Daddy?"

"That's a pretty good rule for strange men as well as for little girls, Dollikins," Father told her. "After dinner we'll all walk up and have a look at the new boarder. If he's lame, they may have wanted to turn him out for a rest, but otherwise—" Father stopped right there in that tantalizing way grown-ups have, and when Dolly said, "Oh, *what*, Daddy?" he answered that he couldn't say anything definite until he'd looked at the pony.

The little fellow was still grazing near the bars when they went up to find him.

"I guess he's afraid he'll be lost in this big, enormous pasture," suggested Dolly, "so he stays near the road."

"Why, he's saddled!" said Dick.

"He is!" cried Father. "That certainly looks as if they had to get rid of him in a hurry, lock, stock, and barrel!"

"What's lock 'n' stock?" asked Dolly anxiously.

"Is he hurt?"

"No," explained Mother. "The pony is all right.

Father means that the man wanted to get him out of sight, and all the things that belonged to him, too."

"I'm afraid," said Father, "that your friend of the high hat and the checked cap took this pony,—took him away with him, knowing he was not his. Then he found himself suspected, or possibly followed, and he got rid of him. Which way did he come?"

Dolly pointed.

"That means he came up from the Corners by a round-about, back road. And you say he went back the same way. I'll wager he came up here to lose that pony! I'd better drive down to the Corners and see what I can find out."

"Oh, couldn't you wait and let us have just one ride?" begged Dolly.

Father laughed. "You don't care whether he's a stolen pony or not, do you, Dollikins? Well, I'm not going to take him with me this trip, so you and Dick can try him out, if you like. Be

careful of his heels—some ponies are vicious. And be sure he's not lame—mustn't work a lame horse, you know. Otherwise, I'm sure he'll give you a ride to pay for his grass."

Mother wasn't so sure that the children ought to ride; she was afraid they'd fall off.

"But Mommie," urged Dick, "it won't hurt us if we do. See how small he is!"

So, with Mother to hold her on, and Dick at the pony's head, Dolly, who had discovered the pony, had the first ride. It was pretty jouncy when the pony trotted, but Dolly just loved it all the same.

Then Dick was to have a turn. "I want to ride all by myself," he said, But Dolly had to help catch the pony, who ran off, kicking his heels in the air, when Dick, all by himself, went towards him. That pony certainly liked girls best.

"Couldn't we put him in the little pasture behind the house?" asked Dolly, when Mother said, "That's enough for today." "He'd have old Jerry for company there, and we could keep watch of him from the house."





"Suppose the man came looking for him?" asked Dick.

"Then," said Dolly, "he'd remember where I said we lived and come and ask and—and—maybe—"

"I'm afraid there can't be any maybe's," Mother said. "He's a trick pony, you see, and valuable, and Father couldn't afford to buy him for you, even if he should be for sale. So enjoy him all you can now."

"I feel as if I were a princess in fairyland," said Dolly the next morning. She had waked at half past six and gone out to see the pony, and he had whinnied and come to the fence to be patted.

"I'll saddle him after breakfast and you can have some more rides," Father promised.

But Dolly had to be the one to catch the pony. He wouldn't go near Dick, and he led Father a grand chase round and round the pasture. But he followed Dolly like a big dog, and with her arm on his neck he stood like a lamb to be saddled.

After they had both ridden, Dick tried to make the pony count. He counted all right: that is, he pawed the ground with his fore foot, one, two, three. But he didn't stop there. He pawed and pawed and pawed, his soft brown eyes fixed on Dick's right hand. When he had "counted" up to one hundred and twenty, he stopped and came and sniffed Dick's hand and then shook his mane and trotted off.

"Say," cried Dick, "I'll bet the man had sugar in his hand and held it out when he wanted the pony to stop pawing." So Dick got some sugar lumps, and with one hidden in his hand began again.

"Count four," he told the pony. The pony pawed four times. Dick stuck his hand out quick and the pony stopped pawing and ate the sugar. "There!" said Dick, when he had tried it with different numbers, "I told you he couldn't really count!"

"I don't care if he can't," said Dolly, hugging the pony.

Mother told Father, when the children weren't around, that if he didn't hurry and find where the pony belonged, Dolly was going to be heartbroken when she had to

lose her pet. Father was doing his best. He had traced the circus to another town, but all the manager would say was that the pony act was no good and he had paid the owner off and let him go. But he was so snappish when he answered Father's questions that Father was surer than ever that something was wrong. He thought he saw the man of the high hat cooking flap-jacks in the mess-tent; but the next minute he was gone, and a circus is a splendid place to hide in.

"We must just wait," he told the children, "and we'll watch the city papers, and ask the neighbors, too, for advertisements of lost ponies. If nothing turns up, we'll advertise a little ourselves."

"Must we?" sighed Dolly. "Of course I don't want to keep him if he belongs to some one else. Oh, yes, I do!" ended honest Dolly. "I'm sure I love him the most."

When the pony had stayed a month and Dolly had named him Jouncer because of his funny little trot, and Dick had learned to ride him bareback, Father decided it was time to advertise, and he did, like this: "Came into my pasture under peculiar circumstances, brown Sheltand pony, evidently girl's pet, afraid of men and boys."

The very next day a big car purred up to the farm, with a little truck—to carry away the pony—buzzing along behind. Out of the big car got a lady and a tall girl. Taller than Dick, she was—almost grown-up but not quite.

"We've come to see if you've found our Robin," said the lady, smiling at Dolly, who had answered her knock. "We've been so worried about him since he disappeared. We traced him at once to a town near here, and then we lost the trail."

Dolly just couldn't speak, so she pointed to the pasture where the pony was nibbling clover.

"Oh, the darling!" cried the tall girl, "We needn't have

worried, Mother. He's grown fat and sleek."

"Yes, doesn't he look in splendid condition?" said the lady. "Has he been ridden at all?"



(Continued on page 548)

# MORE ADVENTURES OF TOM TRIPP

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN  
PARTS I, II AND III

By MOLLY WINSTON PEARSON

Tom Tripp, a child star in the movies, while on a visit to his Grandpa Kearns' ranch, spends most of his time with Dolf and Marty Smith, two little country boys who have come to stay with him at the ranch, and all play at acting in the moving pictures. Tom Tripp tires of this and longs for real adventures. So when Grandpa Kearns and Pa Smith take a truck load of peppermint to the city of Barkerstown, Tom, Dolf and Marty stow away in the truck and start on their secret quest for adventures. They shut Wattie, the dog, in the barn at home, but he breaks loose and follows. Just before reaching the city, the boys grab the branch of a tree, hang on, and let the truck go on without them. The branch breaks, and they, with the dog Wattie, all roll down a steep bank into a garden. Its owner, a friendly young man, joins them and is given the title of King Arthur. All march to Gloriana Park, seeking splendid adventures like the knights of olden times. Then Tom Tripp, while helping a fair lady in distress, a pretty, young artist, is arrested on the charge of stealing his own dog, Wattie.

## PART IV

PLEASE,  
officer,"

Trixie Lou was pleading, "do let this little boy go! Just you take the dog back to his owner. He'll give you the reward even if you don't bring the little boy."

"Naw," insisted the policeman, "I got to run him in. That's my orders. I can't leave him behind."

Tom Tripp glowered at both of them. "You bet you won't leave me behind," he said stoutly. "If you take Wattie, you'll take me, too. He's my pal, Watt is. He sticks to me and I stick to him. I'm not going to let him go off alone with any crazy old cop."

Up came King Arthur, running pell-mell, with Dolf and Marty Smith at his heels. "Hullo, Tom,

my boy, what's up now?

Well, well, McNamara, what's the trouble here?" he said to the officer.

Tom Tripp, Trixie Lou, and the police officer all began to shout an explanation at once, while Wattie, greatly enjoying the rumpus, barked his loudest to help things along. Dolf and Marty seized Tom Tripp by his free arm and were doing their best to

drag him away from the policeman's grip. But in spite of the noise and confusion King Arthur soon had the story straight, and his jolly laugh was added to all the rest of the racket.

"Well, Mac," the merry monarch explained when at last there was a lull, "it's my duty to tell you that the young man you have arrested there is Master Tom Tripp, the Bad Boy of the Movies, sometimes also called the Five Million Dollar Film Kid. And this white and yellow rascal here is his dog Wattie. His grand-

father, Mr. Padraic Kearns of Bonniebrook Ranch, is honoring Barkerstown with a visit to-day, I understand, but he doesn't know his precious grandson packed along in the same truck, bent on viewing the wonders of our fair city. So he doesn't know that the collie deserted the truck to follow Tom. Hence, your orders from headquarters!"

It was funny to see the face of that astonished policeman, and he relaxed his grip on Tom Tripp's arm so suddenly that Dolf and Marty Smith, who were tugging away at Tom's other arm, toppled head over heels in a heap, dragging Tom down with them. There they lay, kicking and wriggling, while Wattie was not slow to take his part in the general rough and tumble.



The policeman took off his helmet and wiped his perspiring brow with a gorgeous red bandanna. "Well," he muttered, "wouldn't that blow your hat in the river?"

"Oh, it's all right, McNamara," said King Arthur soothingly. "You only did your duty. But run along now and don't say a word about this young chap here, will you? By and by, when we've had our fun, I'll turn him and the collie over to Mr. Kearns. And I'll call up Captain Sid and tell him that reward for finding the dog goes to you."

"Sure, mum's the word, sir; thank'ee sir," and the big officer winked at King Arthur and moved on.

"How splendid of you," gloated Trixie Lou, "to save Tom Tripp from going to jail! Now I can finish my picture of him and I know it'll take the prize, Professor Lee!"

"'Sh, Trixie Lou!" King Arthur said with his finger on his lips. "Don't give me away! Let me be a king for a day. I'm having the time of my life. Here, you chaps, are you going to sprawl there all day? Get up here and make the proper knightly salute to a lady. Trixie Lou, my Knights of the Golden Pansy!"

Dolf and Marty got up and bobbed their heads sheepishly. But Tom Tripp remained sitting on the ground, looking more like a dusty, frowsy little hobo than ever.

"King Arthur," he said mournfully, "I can't help a single 'nuther lady in distress till I have some dinner. I'm so starved, I'm all wobbly."

Trixie Lou clapped her hands joyfully, "Oh, Professor—I mean King Arthur, let's fix a jolly picnic lunch for your noble knights here in the park. We can make a fire over by Pigeon's Roost and toast bacon and hot dogs!"

"Bully for you, Trixie Lou. That's just what we'll do," agreed King Arthur.

Tom Tripp rubbed his tummy and said, "Yum! Yum!"

"Glory hallelujah," shouted Dolf and Marty, and they each turned a somersault and came up beaming blissfully.

"All right, that's settled then," Trixie Lou smiled. "I'll run back over to school and pop these packages of mine into my locker, and then I'll meet you all at Johnson's Grocery in a twink. It's going to be glorious fun, isn't it, Tom Tripp?"

"You bet," said Tom, scrambling to his feet and loading himself up with some of her many bundles. "I'll help you over, fair Lady Trixie Lou, 'cause you're a nawful good sport, if you are a girl."

King Arthur laughed, but Trixie Lou, much pleased, made Tom Tripp a nice little curtsy before she stooped to gather up the rest of her parcels.

I wish I could give you any idea of what a wonderful picnic party that was, but I

don't see how I can. You'll just have to think of all the grand spreads you've ever had yourself and then fancy them all rolled into one gorgeous affair. If you can do that, then you will know what a sumptuous banquet this one was that Trixie Lou and King Arthur made for Tom Tripp and Dolf and Marty Smith. Not only were there toasted bacon and hot dogs sizzling delightfully over the fire, but they baked potatoes in the ashes and browned ears of corn. King Arthur brought along a luscious red-ripe watermelon and two pies, while Trixie Lou did not forget pickles and cookies and other such delicacies. Truly, that was a spread fit to set before any king.

"Gee," lamented Tom Tripp at last, "wish I'd worn my new suit that's too big for me. This one won't hold any more."





"No, sir," Trixie Lou chirped, "you're adorable just as you are, Tom. I don't want you changed one mite. After we've cleared away all the picnic leavings and tidied up round here, I'm going to finish that sketch I started of you over there before the cop came on the scene."

"All right," consented Tom Tripp graciously, "I won't mind sitting round for a little while, I'm so full."

"It's a bargain then, boy chum," gurgled Trixie Lou, and while King Arthur's merry brown eyes were twinkling more than ever, she added, "Why don't you get a



sketch of Dolf, Profes— I mean King Arthur? He's a darling type for Huckleberry Finn or Tom Sawyer."

So while Tom Tripp and Dolf posed for the sketchers, little Marty, being left to his own devices, took to wandering around near-by, looking for amusement. By and by he came to a park bench where a lady was sitting reading. She had a little black dog with her on a leash which was wound around a leg of the bench. Marty lay on the grass, and the bright eyes of the little black dog looked out at him from under the bench. Marty fancied the little

dog's eyes were sad and that they were begging him to come and have a frolic or two.

Suddenly there popped into Marty's mind what Tom Tripp had said about helping ladies in distress because they had no time to take their little dogs out for an airing. This little black fellow crept



out from under the park bench and snuggled his wee cold nose into Marty's hand. That settled it. Marty was ready to do a knight's duty. He approached the park bench timidly and stood before the reading lady. Oh, certainly she was too busy to give any little dog an airing. There was no doubt about that.

"Please, ma'am," said Marty's small, scared

(Continued on page 556)

# THE PEARL DIVERS

By EMMETT DUNN ANGELL

"The Play Man"

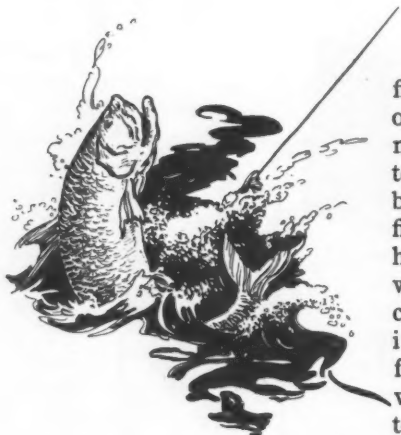
Author of "Cage Ball Book," "Real Games for Real Kids,"  
"Play, a Book of Games," etc.

THE boys were up before the sun and well on their way to the beach while everything was quiet on the ship and in the town of Cristobal that lay ahead. There were still a few lagging stars as the oars dipped into the water, and the *Silver Bell*, riding silently at anchor, faded into the gloom as the few twinkling lights of the sleeping town came into view. This was Jerry Deacon's party and he was as excited as any of the youngsters at the prospect of the day's sport. Jerry had finished all the work on "Black Ivory" and the actors of the Super-Splendid Motion Picture Corporation, whom he directed, had nothing to do but to await the verdict of the critics when the completed picture was shown throughout the country.

This was to be the last day in Panama, for the *Silver Bell* was to head for home in the morning. To-day was the first holiday for Jerry in many weeks and he was to spend it in a way that gave him the biggest thrill. Jerry Deacon was a

is a cherished dream of fishermen. Jerry Deacon was to try his luck, and it was a part of the good

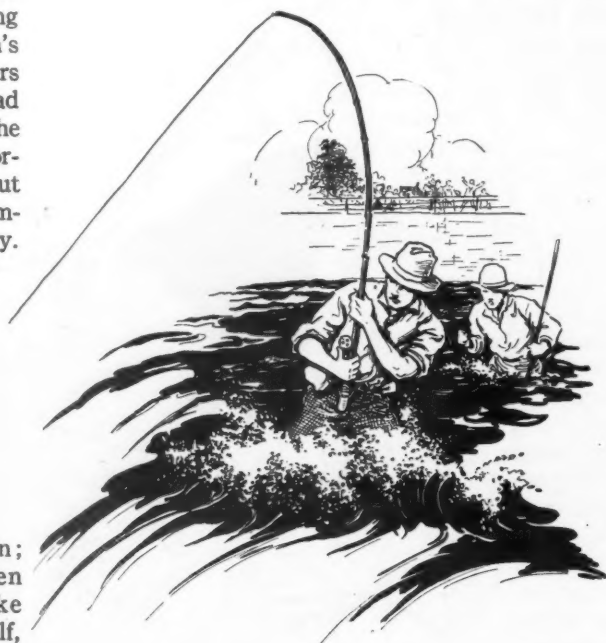
fortune of the boys who had started out on the *Silver Bell*, with Toppo the famous circus clown as a companion, that they were permitted to watch



fisherman; other men might like tennis or golf, but put a fishing rod in his hands, with a fair chance to use it successfully, and he was happy to sit quietly for hours on

end, waiting for a bite. Only fishermen will understand this.

Within five miles of the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal was an opportunity for fishing that would delight any sportsman. Below the great Gatun Dam there is a long cement incline with high concrete walls on each side. The water rushes between these walls when the dam is open, but when closed the stream is about three feet deep and moves swiftly until it reaches a smaller dam, beyond which there are foaming rapids and whirlpools. It is a dangerous looking place where one may often see the ugly snout of a giant alligator as he swims across to some island of tangled debris. But down in this seething water are tarpon, and these fish that weigh forty, fifty or even more than a hundred pounds are so game and full of fight that to get one



the sport. It was a new and a very thrilling experience for them.

When the village schoolhouse burned and Mr. Rockly, the president of the steamship line, had invited the group and Miss Frazer to take a trip on the *Silver Bell*, the youngsters embarked on an adventure that had been full of marvelous experiences. They had been to Haiti, had lived through a terrific storm, had reached a seemingly deserted island and, much to their surprise, had found it populated by the Super-Splendid Motion Picture Corporation. The director, Jerry Deacon, had turned out to be an old friend of Toppo's. The *Silver Bell* had brought the company to Panama for the final scenes of "Black Ivory," and the picture had been completed the day before. The people living at the Atlantic end of the Canal were interested in the work of the moving picture actors and some of the members of the Tarpon Club invited Jerry Deacon to try his luck in the Spillway. Jack, Bert, Dip Streeter, Fatty Wheeler, Billy Foster, and Andy Miller were included in the invitation, but only as spectators, for it would be dangerous for a young boy to venture out into the swift running water of the Spillway.

Dr. Baker and Mr. Clews, both members of the

Tarpon Club, were waiting with automobiles when the boat was beached and in a few minutes they were at the locks above the great dam.

"Now, we shall have to give you an outfit, Mr. Deacon," said Dr. Brown, "for this fishing is somewhat different from angling from a boat. You have to wade out on the Spillway and to do that you must have spiked shoes. If your feet slip you will go down into the rapids and there are a lot of things more pleasant than that, with whirlpools and alligators to make things interesting."

With the strong Tarpon rod and the large reel containing hundreds of feet of line, Jerry Deacon, guided by the two experienced fishermen, was led cautiously out on the smooth and slippery flooring over which the water flowed toward the rapids.

Jerry was an expert in handling a rod, and as soon as he accustomed himself to the strange surroundings, his line was reeling out into the angry water below.

"My, I hope he gets one," said Jack Randolph, "for they say it's awfully exciting when a tarpon gets hooked."

"Mr. Clews said that sometimes even good fishermen spent days and days without getting even one tarpon. You see they don't bite every day," explained Dip Streeter wisely.

"Well, we'll all hope this is Jerry Deacon's lucky day," said Toppo, "for whether they bite or not, we've got to get away from here shortly after noon to meet the Red, White and Blue youngsters in the pool at the Marlborough Hotel."

This meeting in the open air swimming pool was an event that was sure to provide a pleasant climax to their stay in Panama, but did not promise much

in the way of victories in the races and other water events scheduled. Toppo's group of village children were to compete against the famous Red, White, and Blue troop. These youngsters, children of American

residents of Panama engaged in government service, had been thoroughly trained in swimming and diving. They lived in a country where swimming was possible every day of the year. They had even been sent to New York and had given exhibitions before enthusiastic crowds in the famous old Madison Square Garden. When the invitation to come to the pool for a series of events had come to the children, Bert said,

"They'll trim us good and plenty all right, but we'll learn something."

Now, perhaps it was the hard wishing of the youngsters on the big flat rock, watching the fisherman, that brought Jerry Deacon his luck, for they hadn't been there more than an hour when there was an angry whir to Jerry's reel, as he braced himself against the rushing water. The boys on the rock jumped to their feet, for they knew something was happening. A great shimmering body came curving out of the

foam, as in suppressed excitement they gulped "ohs," and "ahs," and "gee whizzes." It was a long, fierce, hard battle, and while it seemed but a few minutes to the excited boys, the contest between Jerry and the fish really lasted over an hour; but finally he got his magnificent trophy to the shore, and when the scales showed that the tarpon weighed sixty-seven pounds, Jerry sighed with content. He was too excited to eat any of the lunch, and he hurried back to the ship with his prize to get it on ice before the hot sun of the tropics could spoil it.

It was only a short drive to the Hamilton Hotel, and when they arrived at the open air swimming pool, the boys found that Carol, Elizabeth, Mary Emily and Phyllis Rockly had arrived with their teacher, Miss Frazer, and were having a pleasant visit with the children of the Red, White, and Blue troop. They were soon in their swimming suits and the competitions went very much as expected. The





## THE IMPORTANCE OF A 'SMALL' THING

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

A CURIOUS thing happened the other day," said Mrs. Daniels as she folded together the pair of stockings she had been darning. "My children and I were in the store looking at toys and dolls. You know we make it one of our treats to go through there once every few weeks. Ahead of us, also with her mother and enjoying herself to the full, was a dainty little Chinese girl about the age of my Jane. The two seemed well educated and cultured and were especially interested in the dolls and doll furniture just as Jane always is."

"That's not as unusual a sight as you might imagine," said her friend, Mrs. Elrod. "Wait till you have lived in this big city as many years as I have and you'll be used to meeting the people of many lands."

"Then I hope I shall not be pained as I was to-day by something else I saw," continued Mrs. Daniels. "For to my amazement, those two obviously fine people were stared at and pointed at till finally they gave up and left the store. We didn't notice at first, but soon I saw that the little woman was uneasy and then I began to see why. One boy actually pointed his finger at them and said quite loudly, 'Look at the Chinks!'"

"Nor was it only a boy," she added, warming to her subject. "A woman, old enough to know better, walked by, staring and saying loudly to her companion, 'Those foreigners are sights, aren't they?' When grown persons act like that, surely we cannot expect children to be courteous and respectful!"

"Nor is it merely a Chinese that would be stared at," said Mrs. Johnstone, from the other side of the fireplace. "The other day I was on the bus when a fine boy of fourteen or so got aboard. Under his arm was tucked a violin case and in his great brown eyes was all the shyness of a stranger in a strange land. He appeared to be an Italian. As he steadied himself by the back of a seat, a man who was deliberately seated on *two* seats said to the man in front, 'Look at the Dago!' Fortunately, the boy appeared not to understand English, for he gave no sign of hearing. But you can't tell. Sometimes Italians have so much of sensitiveness and tact—he might merely have hid his hurt from observers. In either case, the insult was inexcusable. What can that lad think of our 'ideal' America?"

"That makes me think of something that happened right before me in a hotel the other day," said Mrs. Elrod. "I was using a house phone at the hotel desk, and as I was awaiting the connection, I noticed two very fine, cultured appearing Japanese gentlemen approach the hotel clerk and ask for one of the guests. The clerk turned to use a house phone right beside me. Getting the room, he said, 'Mr. Smith, two Japs down here want to see you.'

Japs! Yet that same clerk—though he hadn't a fraction of the education and culture—would have been the first to resent being called a 'Yank' in that tone of voice had he been visiting in Japan."

"He wouldn't have realized that he, then, would be a foreigner," said Mrs. Daniels. "It's funny," she added thoughtfully, "this foreigner business. We so easily forget that unless we are native born Indians, we are all foreigners—people who have come here from across the sea. Why can't we be polite to those who merely have made the journey more recently than ourselves? Instead of scorning a 'foreigner' why can't we and our children help them by example as well as by precept to understand and to attain the highest ideal of Americanism?"

"Now that you speak of it so seriously," said Mrs. Elrod, "I'm wondering if this matter of polite consideration of other peoples—more particularly of other races—is not an even more important matter than it first appears. The pointing finger, the slangy nickname, the insolent speech, seem rather superficial. We can shrug our shoulders and say, 'Oh, well, they don't know any better!' But it goes deeper than that. Manners, we know, are founded on the Golden Rule. Till we can treat the people of other nations with the same kindly courtesy we ourselves should like to receive, have we any real basis for world peace? Isn't it after all the little things, so called, that are really important in this business of living together as neighbors—whether nations or individuals?"

"I do believe you are right," cried Mrs. Johnstone. "Yet I must confess to having felt intolerant of foreigners—intolerant and maybe a bit scornful. I'm ashamed of it! When I think of all the contributions made to world civilization by these very nations I scorn! The dignity and scholarship of the Chinese; the music and art of the Southern Europeans; the sturdy fineness of the Northern Europeans; the devotion and straight living of the Japanese—I'm filled with chagrin to think I forgot it all even for a minute. My grandmother used to say, 'Little foxes spoil the grapevines.' Maybe our little foxes of scorn, intolerance and carelessness are spoiling the greatness our beloved country *might* attain if we truly helped as we should."

"And as for our children," said Mrs. Daniels, "we need to help them. We women so often wonder what we individually can do for world peace. Isn't there something right here that is both definite and important? We can teach ourselves and our children to admire and respect the people of other nations and races and to treat them with kindly hospitality."

"We not only can," said Mrs. Johnstone, "but we will!"



## Help! Extra help needed here!

When little girls get into trouble and soil their dresses they need—sympathy! And mother needs Fels-Naptha's *extra* help to get the dirt out—quickly and safely!

Splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha—working hand-in-hand in Fels-Naptha, like two little playmates—give mother **extra** washing help that she cannot get in any other form.



Naptha! You can tell by the smell!



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Convenient to buy it in the ten-bar carton.

*Extra* help to make mother's work easier! *Extra* help to make little play-clothes clean, sweet and wholesome! *Extra* help to make clothes *safely* clean, and save them from wear-and-tear of washing!

Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? It is cheaper in the end, anyway!

Lots of other mothers use Fels-Naptha regularly for washing and cleaning. They know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. Your mother, too, will surely want to get a Golden Bar or two from her grocer, and prove for herself the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha!

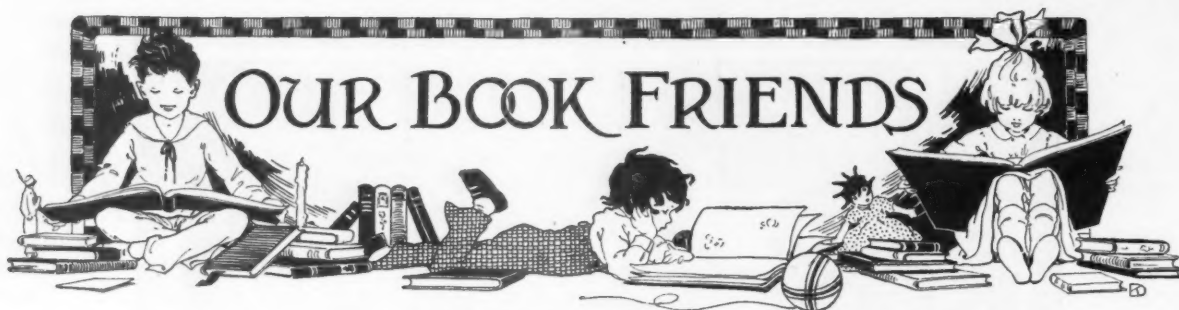
Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and naptha—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save work and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? It costs less in the end!

Water of any temperature may be used with Fels-Naptha. Clothes may be *toiled* with Fels-Naptha, if preferred. Good results are bound to follow, any way it is used. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels & Co.  
Philadelphia



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library  
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

**T**HE happiest people in the world are not those who look on. The pleasure we have in watching a game or in standing by while something is being made for us is not to be compared with the pleasure of doing something ourselves. Such delights as are offered to you in this collection of How-to-make-things speak a language all their own. You need only to peek behind the covers to understand how much pleasure is in store for you. If you are wondering about a new game, if you like to try your hands with tools, if you enjoy strange experiments, if you are a little homemaker and want a suggestion or so, you will find much interest and amusement in these books.

What little girl hasn't had an experience like *A Little Freckled Person*, when she mentions "The Sorrows of a Seamstress"—

"I'm learning to sew; I'm basting  
And hemming, and all that.  
But I wish that the eye were bigger  
Or the thread not quite so fat!"

And is there any one of us who wouldn't welcome such ideas as are found in *The Mary Frances Sewing Book* and *The Mary Frances Knitting and Crocheting Book*. *Everybody's Book of the Queen's Doll House* describes and pictures every detail of a royal treasure. It describes the tiny kitchens, the library of real bound books an inch high, the perfectly fitted nursery and playroom and even mentions a wee little mouse trap. Perhaps, before long, you will want to construct a house like one you have read about in your geography or history. It may be a gypsy camp, an Indian village, or even a Roman arena with gladiators. Then it is that you will find help in *What Shall We Do Now* and in *Weaving and Other Pleasant Occupations*.

Perhaps you boys will discover in *Four and Twenty Toilers*, a verse which is not unlike your own experience—

"I thought I could saw, and I thought I could plane,  
And I thought I was clever with nails,  
And I mended a chair (though it's broken again)  
And I once made a couple of bails.

"But directly the carpenter came to our house  
To put up some shelves in the hall,  
And I sat by his side, just as still as a mouse,  
I knew I knew nothing at all."

We remember making the acquaintance, not so very long ago, of three one-sided brothers. When they grew up the most that any one could say was that they were good fellows but stupid and uninteresting. Can you guess how the Shoeman in *The Wind Boy* might have fitted out such fellows as the one-sided brothers? The Shoeman wasn't like the young clerk

in the store next door who, because his business was shoes, looked at people's feet the very first thing he did. And yet the Shoeman went about measuring people's feet in a matter of fact way, too. But such a way to measure! He measured feet by looking into people's eyes and he gave each person that came to him just the sandals that were best.

And so I hope it will be with these books. I hope, like Nan and Kay and Gentian, that you will find just the thing that fits and from it derive much fun and enjoyment.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW

- Boy Chemist** - - - - - A. F. Collins  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON
- Boy's Games Among the North American Indians** Edith Stow  
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions** - - - F. L. Darrow  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Carl and the Cotton Gin** - - - - - S. W. Bassett  
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Children's Cross Word Puzzle Book** - - - Jane Black  
SIMON & SCHUSTER, NEW YORK
- Cross Word Puzzle Book** - - - - - Rosetta Goldsmith  
SIMON & SCHUSTER, NEW YORK
- Drawing Made Easy** - - - - - E. G. Lutz  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Everybody's Book of the Queen's Doll House** - E. V. Lucas  
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
- Four and Twenty Toilers** - - - - - E. V. Lucas  
MCDEVITT & WILSON, NEW YORK
- Home Handicraft for Boys** - - - - - A. Neely Hall  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Home-Made Games and Game Equipment** - - A. Neely Hall  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON
- Jane, Joseph and John** - - - - - Ralph Bergengren  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON
- Jolly Tinker** - - - - - F. M. Rich  
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Kitecraft and Kite Tournaments** - - - - - C. M. Miller  
MANUAL ARTS PRESS, PEORIA, ILL.
- Little Freckled Person** - - - - - Mary Carolyn Davies  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- One Act Plays for Young Folks** - - - - - M. A. Jagendorf  
BRENTANO, NEW YORK
- Pets for Boys and Girls** - - - - - A. J. Macself  
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Rainbow String** - - - - - Algernon Tassin  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Stories to Act** - - - - - F. G. Wickes  
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO.
- Weaving and Other Pleasant Occupations**  
R. K. and M. I. R. Polkinghorne  
BRENTANO, NEW YORK
- What Shall We Do Now** - - - - - Dorothy Canfield  
FREDERICK A. STOKES & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- What Shall We Play** - - - - - Edna Geister  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Wind Boy** - - - - - E. C. Eliot  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
- Mary Frances Sewing Book** - - - - - J. E. Fryer  
JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
- Cooking Without Mother's Help** - - - Clara Ingram Judson  
BARSE & HOPKINS, NEW YORK.
- Sewing Without Mother's Help** - - - Clara Ingram Judson  
BARSE & HOPKINS, NEW YORK.



# Dentons Now Have Extra-Heavy Romper Feet

Ready  
for  
Bed

## Your Child's Health

depends on the fabric used in the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

### Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached cotton*, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

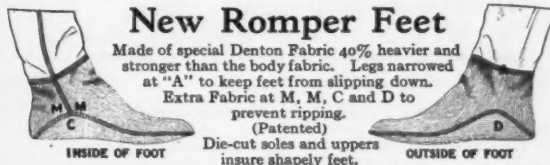
To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded*.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. *The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.*

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape and elasticity.

Body, limbs and feet are covered, (also hands in small sizes) protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

### New Romper Feet



Made of special Denton Fabric 40% heavier and stronger than the body fabric. Legs narrowed at "A" to keep feet from slipping down.

Extra Fabric at M, M, C and D to prevent ripping. (Patented)

Die-cut soles and uppers insure shapely feet.

Wide elastic, *three-thread* outside seams. Strong and neat.

**Flexible Rubber Buttons.** Do not break. Do not cut threads. Do away with sewing on buttons after each washing.

Dentons completely cover children.

Sizes 0 to 5 open down back. Sizes 6 to 14 open down the front so older children can button their own garments.

All sizes have our patented, extra-full drop seat. Will not bind in back if child sleeps with knees drawn up.

High grade, *unbleached* cotton and some fine wool give maximum warmth and softness.

*Dentons will not shrink.* Collars double thickness. Strong button holes. Facings all stayed.

Made for children up to 14 years old. *Prices low for the quality.* Insist on genuine Dentons. Name is on neck hanger. Our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment. Sold in over 5,500 Dry Goods Stores.

If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us

**Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills**

Dentons are Truly Hygienic

Centreville, Michigan

Ideal  
for  
outdoor  
sleeping,  
touring  
or camping

TRADE MARK

## Before they start school— are your children 100% fit?

**H**OW well your children succeed in school—whether they are backward or leaders—depends largely on their physical condition. This, in turn, depends on *you*.

Now—before school opens—is the time to take an inventory of your children's health. For statistics show that at least two-thirds of the children entering school are suffering from physical defects or bad habits that materially handicap their progress—yet which could, for the most part, be corrected at home by their parents.

One of the most common defects found among all classes of children is *malnutrition*, or undernourishment. If allowed to go unchecked it does irreparable damage—both physical and mental—which follows people all through life. Malnutrition is due to various causes, but it can be effectively prevented or overcome if taken in time and handled intelligently.

The simple health program outlined here will protect your children from any danger of malnutrition. It is a common sense program, endorsed by doctors and pediatricians.

Recent scientific experiments conducted by the Borden Nutrition Department, prove that children who observed these health rules and took Eagle Brand every day showed remarkable improvement in weight, height, health (blood count and bone condition) and general appearance.

Eagle Brand is the finest country milk—with all the properties for bone and body building, and all the important vitamins, too—combined with sugar, a rich source of extra-energy, which growing children need. The milk and sugar are blended in a way that makes Eagle Brand unusually easy to digest and assimilate.

Start now to give *your* children this important health food daily. You'll be surprised at the way they gain.

### Use the 3 Little Books as a Guide

This famous set of books on child health is now being used by over 100,000 parents in bringing up their children. Each book deals with the problems of a special age, with height and weight charts, helpful menus and recipes, valuable health suggestions, detailed information on malnutrition—all in simple, practical form. Every mother needs these books. Mail the coupon today for your set. It is free. The Borden Company, 593 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

### Directions for feeding Eagle Brand

Give a daily feeding *between meals*—

Preferably as a drink—diluted in the proportion of 2 tablespoonfuls to  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup cold water.

Or as a spread on bread or crackers. (Have the child drink more water in this case.) Poured over cereal or fruit. Made up into custards, egg nogs, and other simple dishes.

*Do this regularly every day in order to get results*

### Four ways to make sure

There are four important measures every mother should take—regularly and conscientiously—in order to keep her children fit.

**[1]** *Weigh them* and find out if they are normal for their height and age. Do this at least once a month. For weight—and weight gains—are the surest index of health.

**[2]** *Have a doctor give them a thorough physical examination* to discover and remedy any possible organic defects, such as bad teeth, tonsils, adenoids, etc. Do this at least once a year.

**[3]** *Insist on good health habits.* Plenty of sleep, frequent baths, fresh air, outdoor exercise, ample drinking water, regular bowel movements—all these are simple, fundamental rules, absolutely necessary for good health, and easy to follow.

**[4]** *Give them a well-balanced diet.* Plenty of milk (an almost perfect food in itself), cereals, fruit, vegetables, eggs, a little meat, and few sweets. Have them eat meals slowly and at regular times.

And in addition, serve them a regular daily feeding of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. This well-known health food, supplementing a regular diet, is wonderfully effective in building up children and keeping them normal. Many schools serve it regularly with splendid results.



THE BORDEN COMPANY  
593 Borden Building  
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me my free set of the  
3 Little Books.

Name.....  
Address.....



## LESSON No. 7

**T**HIS month we promised the cooks that they should learn to make something for Sunday evening tea. And no more had we made all our plans than the postman brought us a letter from John (we mustn't tell the rest of his name) which asked us to have something in September that he could cook when camping. He says that every September his father takes a day from business and his mother from her housekeeping and other duties and then they three, with sister Jane and the baby, drive out into the country and cook dinner in the woods. John says, and we believe he is right, that on a week day the roads are not crowded and that they see all the lovely trees in their autumn colors, and get nuts and have a lot of fun. And John wants to cook something at the camp fire that his father will be sure to like.

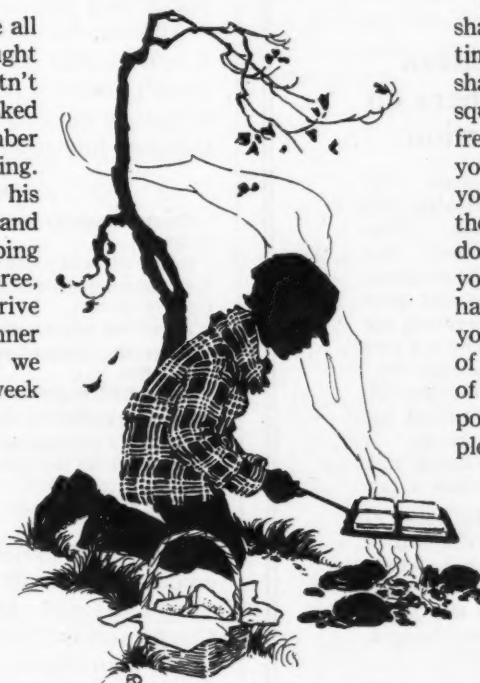
Well, we had this lesson planned before John wrote, of course. So all we can say is, "Wait and see! You'll be surprised!"

And then, without even saying another word about camp fires and fall picnics (much as we love them) we go right along with the lesson we had planned.

We're going to make cheese dreams—had you guessed? For these you will need bread that is at least one day old, American cheese—that means the

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.



regular yellow cheese we all like so well. Sometimes it comes in a big round cheese and the grocery man cuts us a slice shaped like a piece of pie. Sometimes it comes in smaller, brick shaped cheeses and we buy a neat, square slice. Be sure to get good, fresh cheese, not too strong. Then you'll need butter. We can't tell you exactly how much of each of these things you'll need, for we don't know how many sandwiches you want to make. But if you have four or five people to serve, you will want nearly a whole loaf of bread, at least one-half pound of cheese and one-quarter of a pound of butter. Tell Mother to please let you buy plenty, for cheese dreams are *very* good and if you don't use all the material provided, it will keep all right till the next day. If your family like paprika, be sure there is some of that on hand—a little goes a long way.

Of utensils, you will want a sharp bread knife, a large cookie pan, a pancake turner (for handling the hot cheese dreams) a bowl for creaming butter, a spoon to use with the bowl, a small knife for cutting cheese and a silver knife for spreading. A dessert spoon is good for the butter and an ordinary dinner knife is fine for spreading the bread.

Now we have come to the place where younger







## "I give milk the credit"

One of the letters  
written by mothers on  
the milk question

"I am mother of four children. The first two girls were a problem, for they positively refused milk. When Bruce came, I determined: this child is going to keep right on drinking milk. I concluded it was quite natural for a child past weaning age to drink from a cup. Why not give baby a little from a cup each day? When he was about six months old, I began giving him Nestlé's Food, but from a cup instead of a bottle. It worked. He has always drank milk and still drinks it three times a day.

"I did the same with baby Jane. I don't know whether my idea will be worth \$5 to you, but it has been worth it to me many times. For our first two, we had to call the doctor often. Now things have changed, and I give milk the credit."

Yours very truly,  
MRS. C. A. MARTIN  
Reading, Pa.

## Nestlé's Milk Food

The great milk food drink  
for children of all ages

When the problem is to keep your child drinking milk, you will find Nestlé's Food the best way. Children like it better than plain milk,—it has a delicious flavor. It is more digestible than plain milk. It is more nutritious,—because the milk is combined with strength-building wheat-malt. No trouble to prepare. Get a trial package at your druggist.

\$5 for every letter

Write us your ideas and experiences on "My child and the milk drink." Just make it a letter of 150 to 500 words. If we can use it, we will pay you \$5. Address Medical Department, CL 9, Nestlé's Food Company, 130 William Street, New York.

cooks will have to call for help. If you have never cut bread before, ask Mother if you may try it with her standing close by to show you how. Stand the bread sidewise on the cutting board; steady the loaf with your left hand and cut down, slowly and steadily with your right. If Mother thinks you had better not do this part of the work yourself, ask her to slice the bread for you, cutting a one-pound loaf into about twenty slices. A knife is a very useful tool and as soon as possible, every Child Life Cook must learn how to use it. If you are careful to notice that what you are cutting is steady; that your left hand is well out of the way of the path of the knife *before* you begin actual cutting, you will find it very safe and easy.

After the bread is sliced and piled up nicely, ready to spread, slice the cheese into thin, neat slices—it doesn't matter if they break a little, but keep them as neat as you can. Now we are ready for the part that goes into your notebook:

### CHEESE DREAMS

Cream butter by working it in a bowl until it is soft enough to spread.

Butter slices of bread cut from day-old bread.

On alternate slices of buttered bread, arrange neat, thin slices of cheese.

If you like paprika, shake a dash over the cheese.

Cover the cheese with another slice of bread, buttered side down.

Cut in half, anglewise.

Lay the sandwiches thus made in a cookie pan.

Put into a hot oven and brown.

Remove from the oven and take from the pan with a pancake turner.

Serve while very hot.

For Sunday evening tea serve cheese dreams with cocoa or plain milk and everyone will be pleased.

Now lets see! How about that camping party? Campers cannot find anything better for a September picnic than cheese dreams and this is the way to plan for them over a camp fire.

Add to your list of needed utensils a wire toaster.

Make the cheese dreams by the regular rule (except that you leave the sandwiches full size instead of cutting them in half) till you come to the place where the recipe says to put them onto the cookie pan. Instead, wrap each sandwich in parafin paper and pack it in your lunch basket.

When the camp fire has burned down to good hot coals, arrange about four sandwiches in the wire toaster and toast them slowly over the coals. You must do it slowly so the cheese has time to get hot and to melt. Serve at once. Aren't they the best things you ever ate? Here's something else nice to know. In September, cold sandwiches don't seem to taste so well as they do in the hot summer time. Try toasting all your sandwiches—jelly, meat, nut—all of them—and see if their crisp hotness doesn't somehow go better with autumn parties.

We hope you'll have a very happy time—and that everyone will like your cheese dreams. We would like to have a postal card about them and about the other goodies you have cooked.

## HILDING AND THE ISLAND OF BUTTERCUPS

(Continued from page 521)

on the island when the river grew angry from the rain and came rushing down over the island. When rivers come down from high in the mountains and between high cliffs, people cannot tell when they will be great with rain. Sometimes it rains in the mountains and not in the valleys at all, and that is just what happened this day, for, as Hilding stood there, he heard from far away a sound of big waters pouring down, and when he looked up the river he could see them coming towards him.

"O, the water is coming to cover the little island," he said. Then, "What will happen to Fadre's cows? O, what shall I do?"

He ran to where the cows had been and saw that they had heard the sound of the water and knew what it meant. They were running to the bridge and Hilding ran after them as fast as he could. As the cows ran across the bridge he counted one cow, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Only seven! Why, where was the other cow? It was Old One who was missing and when Hilding looked back, there she was eating the grass and swishing her tail about to keep off the flies. She could not hear the water coming. She could not see it coming like a green blanket to cover the Island of Buttercups.

Hilding knew he must get Old One safely across the bridge. The water was coming nearer every minute, but he ran to Old One and pulled her collar. He struck her hips with his stick and she looked at him, surprised. She went very slowly and the water was coming very fast.

"O, be so good as to hurry, Old One," Hilding begged, as he pulled and pushed her along.

The noise of the water was louder and louder, and just as the angry water jumped on the Island of Buttercups, Hilding and Old One jumped off the bridge on the home side and found Mother there to meet them.

Old One lay down, panting and puffing and happy. But Hilding fell into Mother's arms and was happiest of all because she said, "Good Son, thy father will be proud of you this day."

## New Books for Small Children

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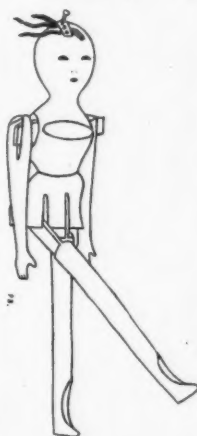


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### THE RABBIT LANTERN

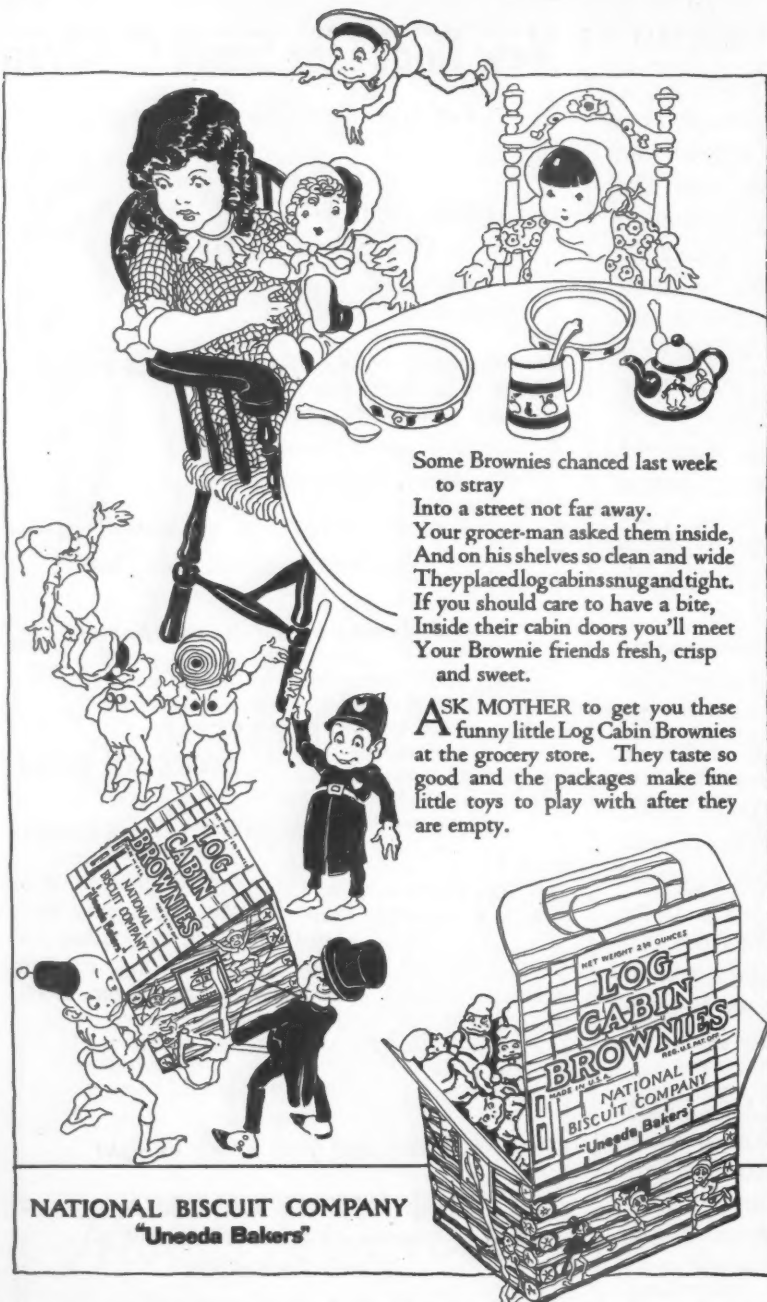
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Some Brownies chanced last week  
to stray  
Into a street not far away.  
Your grocer-man asked them inside,  
And on his shelves so clean and wide  
They placed log cabin snug and tight.  
If you should care to have a bite,  
Inside their cabin doors you'll meet  
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and sweet.

ASK MOTHER to get you these  
funny little Log Cabin Brownies  
at the grocery store. They taste so  
good and the packages make fine  
little toys to play with after they  
are empty.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY  
"Uneeda Bakers"

## THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT

(Continued from page 534)

Dolly didn't answer and the lady turned and looked at her. Dolly was crying—trying hard not to, but she couldn't help it. The lady understood at once. "I believe you love him as well as we do," she said, patting Dolly's shoulder comfortingly.

Dolly nodded, shaking the tears out of her eyes just the way the pony shook his mane. "I think I love him better than anybody else possibly could," she said. "It makes me feel like a fairy princess to have him to pet and to ride."

"Oh, Mother," said the tall girl, "couldn't we—"

Over Dolly's head, the two exchanged meaning glances.

"Let's sit down here on the steps," suggested the lady, "and you tell us all Robin's cunning tricks, and we'll tell you all the comical things he did when he was with us."

Presently Mother came out and sat down, too, and finally Dick joined the party. The tall girl, it seemed, had been spending the summer at a ranch out in the Rockies, where she had ridden a horse over mountain trails. She loved her pony Robin, but she evidently felt much too grown-up to ride him now.

At last, after they had all come to feel like old friends, the lady rose to go. "I wonder," she said, smiling her pretty smile at Mother and Dolly and Dick, "if you'll keep Robin for us a while longer? I can see that he's safe here and happy and—would you? You see what's happened to my littlest girl." She waved at the tall daughter. "So we shall never use him any more, and yet we must feel that he's in just the right hands. Oh, if you would! My husband will write you about the business part."

A few days later a note came to Dolly. It was written on the stationery of a great New York banking house. "We all want the little girl who loves Robin the most to keep him," the note said, "and to feel like a fairy princess as long as she possibly can."

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## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

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Fisher, or Pekan: Colors, Tan, shading to very dark brown.

#### WINNERS

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Arnaud, Manitoba, Canada, age 11.

JACK GREER, 52 Berkeley Ave., Lans-  
down, Penn. age 11.

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Acker, Barbara  
Alexanderson, Gertrude  
Amsler, Louise  
Abersold, Lucille  
Bergquist, Hildred  
Baird, Harriett  
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Bishop, Georgiana  
Bradford, La Nita  
Bloede, Lila  
Bane, Charles Max  
Coyle, Frank, Jr.  
Culbreath, Virginia D.  
Carter, Virginia  
Calhoun, Donald W.  
De Sappe, Phyllis  
Dexheimer, Russell  
Evans, Genevieve  
Frazer, Katherine  
Frisbie, Polly  
Fancher, Margaret  
Fowler, Tessia  
Fisher, Herbert  
Gilmore, Nancy T.  
Gross, Natalia H.  
Gulden, Virginia  
Hixon, Peggy  
Howe, Clayton  
Hough, Mark S.  
Lashar, Amelia  
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Minshall, Herbert, Jr.  
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Rose, Phyllis  
Reese, Betty  
Rehbein, Billy  
Skeen, Grace Louise  
Selby, Josephine  
Sullivan, Narcissa  
Stevens, Edwin  
Salvage, John Waltz  
Turner, Lucile  
Taggart, Martha M.  
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Wosson, Virginia  
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## MENAGERIE

GERTRUDE LEE CROUCH

COME on, children, let's play menagerie! All form a circle. Bobby, you be "It." Let me blindfold you. Now stand in the center of the circle and use Father's cane as a pointer (or a stick will do). Children in the circle, dance to the right—to the left—stop!

Bobby, walk toward someone, point the cane at him and tell him to make a noise like some animal. A cow? All right. Now listen carefully because you must guess who it is and probably he will try to disguise his voice. No, it isn't Jean. You will have to be "It" again. Point at some one else. A noise like a rooster? Yes, it is Billy.

Now, Billy, you are "It," Circle, dance around again and, Billy, choose another animal.



## If you have a child

LET Calvert School with its unique system and unusual advantages teach your boy or girl *in your own home* by long-distance instruction.

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Author of "Child Training," "A Child's  
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If for any reason your child is to be taught at home, you should write for information to

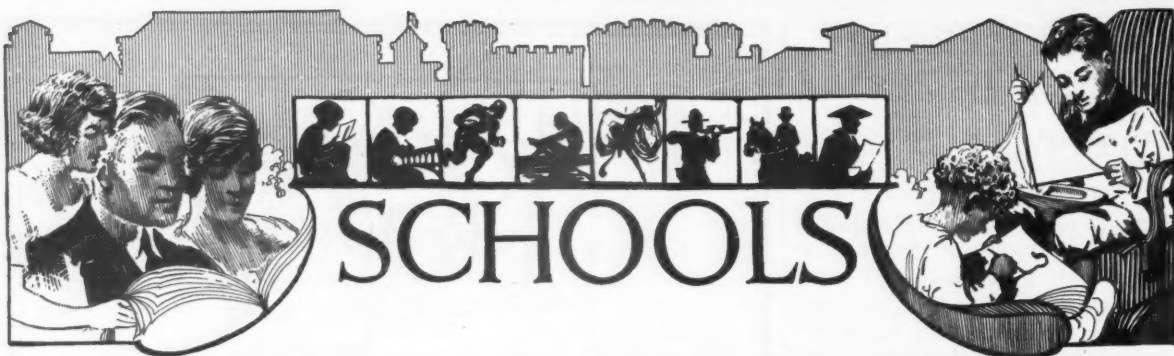
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## What kind of a School?

THE CHILD LIFE School Bureau is for the use of all parents who know what kind of a school they should like for their children but who do not know where it is located. If the schools whose announcements are on this page do not meet all your requirements, our Service undoubtedly knows of one that does.

Address: R. L. BROWN, Director  
**Bureau of Education**  
CHILD LIFE  
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Primary thru college preparatory. A boys' school without sham, existing for the boys and based on intelligent and broad understanding of boys. Catalog.

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SUMMER TERM

Write for free illustrated booklet

The Sherwood School for Children  
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## LITTLE DAVID'S BIG GIANT

(Continued from page 526)

time—not even that time last summer when he'd had to take castor oil! That was bad enough. This was just awful—but—but the cleaner the cellar got, the sooner there would be the five dollars! David stood and looked at his cellar; tomorrow—*perhaps!*

When Mr. Stevens looked at his cleaned up cellar, he whacked his knee with his hand and said, "By Heck! By Heck! *By Heck!*" It was all he seemed able to say. David, dirty and happy, stood anxiously waiting for him to proclaim it *done*.

"Son," said Mr. Stevens finally, "You certainly have done a wonderful job of it! It's great—I tell you! And you come on upstairs with me an' we'll have a soda to celebrate! An' I'll give you a five dollar gold piece—I've got a five dollar *gold* piece!"

"An' it was a man-sized job," he kept repeating—"a man-sized job!"

They were good friends now, Mr. Stevens and David. "When you're twenty you come to me," said Mr. Stevens. "I want a partner like you, David."

Next day, in play clothes after school, David came rushing into the drug store. "Oh, Mr. Stevens," he cried. "I want to tell you the news! Miss Burton wants *me* to write the letter for our class to send with the money. She said I ought to because I was the only one in all the class that worked to earn my money. She talked to the class about it and said how much more it meant to do that than to take what was given you by your parents. She said next time she hoped everybody would work to earn any money they gave for charity. But gee! When you think of those poor children starving—and you've got to do your share—you'd *have* to work for it!"

"A man would," returned Mr. Stevens. "And what did your mother say?"

"She was pleased," said David. "She said she was glad I killed my giant," he added.

"Come on, have another soda to celebrate," said Mr. Stevens. "Maybe you can be my partner before you are twenty!" And the two swished their long straws in the chocolate sodas and smiled.



## Billy's Picnic Joke

ONE morning Jane and her little brother, Bob, decided that they would like to have a picnic on the lawn. So their mother fixed them a lunch and Billy Owen brought his lunch, too.

They all had sandwiches and fruit and cake, of course, and Jane and Bob had a bottle of milk. "Have some of our milk, Billy?" Jane asked, politely. "No!" said Billy. "I have *coffee!*" Sure enough, he was pouring something hot out of a big thermos bottle into a cup.

"Coffee!" Jane shrieked. "Billy Owen, you can't drink coffee! I guess you stole that!"

"I did not!" said Billy. "My mother fixed it for me herself. Have some, Bob?" And he held the cup so Bob could take a great big drink. "Good!" said Bob. "More!"

"Don't you dare give my little brother coffee!" cried Jane. "It's bad for him!"

"Don't be silly, Jane!" said Billy, laughing! "I don't drink coffee, either—this is *Postum!* I love it! It's made with hot milk and it's fine for children. I drink it because I don't like plain milk. Want some?"

I should say she did want some, after she had once tasted it! She drank two cups and Bob drank two cups, and Billy went home and got more in the big thermos bottle.

MOTHERS! Your children need a hot drink at mealtimes, and, of course, you can't give them coffee or tea. Try Postum!

Postum is a wholesome, delicious drink made of whole wheat and bran. Instant Postum, prepared with hot (not boiled) milk, is ideal for children. Think of it—the nourishment of milk, *plus* the goodness of grain! And Postum is so easily made—right in the cup—and so inexpensive!

Get Postum from your grocer today—or mail the coupon below and we'll send you one week's supply of Postum, free, together with an interesting booklet by Carrie Blanchard—"Thousands of Mothers Tell Me This Solves the Problem of Their Children's Mealtime Drink."

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I would like to try Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of		
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**P**ARENTS find the advertisements in CHILD LIFE a real help in the purchase of the best products for home and children. Every month thousands of mothers look to CHILD LIFE not only to provide their boys and girls with the best in art and literature but also to help them, through its advertising pages, in the selection of commodities for the home.

# WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD

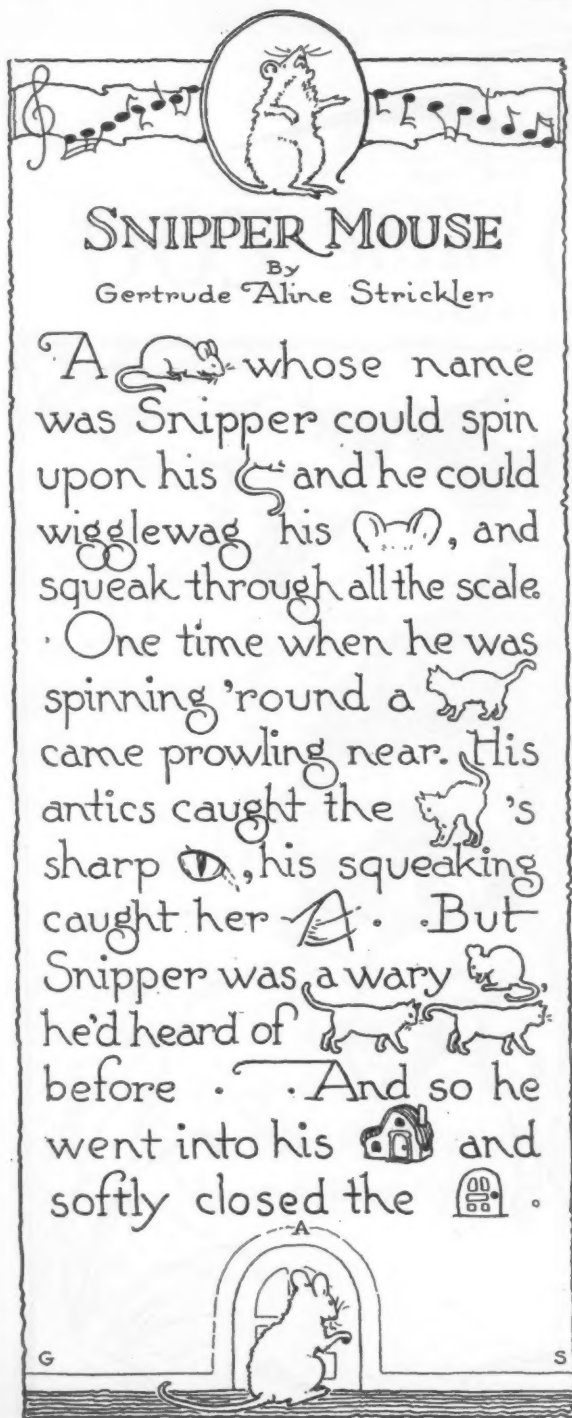


## NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

Dear Children: Read about me on page 554, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before September 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color.

The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



## VOICES

ALDIS DUNBAR

HOW do they chatter, the birds and the bees,  
 Folk o' the garden, folk o' the trees?  
 Bee after honey drones, "Ziz-ziz-zumm!"  
 Woodpecker taps like a far-off drum.  
 Whip-poor-will calls, "Over there! Over there!"  
 Katydid cries in the evening air.  
 But little Hop Frog has the funniest word  
 That ever a child in a rain storm heard.  
 Down by the brook, at a lightning flash,  
 I heard Hop Frog, "Gmm! Gmm! Splash!"

## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXIII

By RUTH BRADFORD

HUNT the hunter for his dinner" is my motto, and it's a long, long trail that I can follow when it leads to that hunter's provisions! Sometimes I plow my way through many miles of winter snow, just following travelers. Oh yes, I stay out of sight, all right, but just as soon as they leave game or other tasty food unguarded—well, that's when you see my heavy-bodied, squatty, strong-legged, sharp-clawed self. (I may as well tell you right here that *Gulo luscus* is my scientific name and a north-central state sometimes calls itself by my everyday name that you are going to tell Ruth Bradford.)

Often I trail trappers, eat their catches and hide the traps—taking care that I am not hunted or trapped myself as so many members of our beautiful-furred family are. In fact we have been so hunted in the northern forests of both North and South America that there aren't very many of us left. And we have to look sharp, I can tell you!

But we do, for we are not only persistent, cunning, and mischievous—sometimes we hide campers' things just for fun—but we are also surprisingly powerful. We're a foe to all but the largest animals in our woods and so are our wives, who when guarding the babies, know how to fight even man!

In fact, Indians and Eskimos think we are so smart and powerful that they make up all sorts of stories about us. Some superstitious Eskimos of Alaska even think it stylish to wear hoods and belts of our fur. They think *that* makes them just as clever as we are.





## *It's Fun to Copy the Magic of the Elves*

THE ELVES are Jack Frost's pupils, and they will be busily at work, these cold nights, painting all the leaves with gorgeous Autumn colors—scarlet, crimson, yellow, orange, russet. Soon every tree but the evergreens will wear its gay new dress.

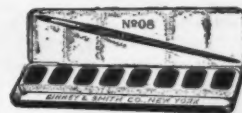
Try to copy the magic of the elves! Trace the graceful outline of an oak or maple leaf, and its delicate veining, on your drawing paper, and color it with your ARTISTA water colors or CRAYOLA Crayons. It will delight you to see how beautifully you can blend the colors. You can do this, because the ARTISTA and CRAYOLA colors are so pure and bright.



### *A Drawing Packet You'll Love To Have*

It is called "Stories to Color", and contains ten charming outline drawings by Bess Bruce Cleveland, which you can color with crayons or paints, just as the little story under each picture tells you. Send us 50 cents and we will mail the packet postpaid.

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I don't work"**  
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Rubber trees are "tapped," as they call this cutting of the bark, nearly every day.

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*They are not Keds unless  
the name Keds is on  
the shoe*



An attractive Keds model for general wear all summer.



A sturdy, athletic-trim Keds model built to stand the hardest sports and vacation wear.

**Keds**

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## MORE ADVENTURES OF TOM TRIPP

(Continued from page 537)

voice, "could I take your little dog for a walk for you?"

"Certainly not," said the lady, glancing up quickly and giving Marty a black look. "You keep away from this dog, or I'll call the police," and she stooped and yanked at the leash, upsetting the poor little dog and dragging him on his back under the bench again.

"She couldn't have been a fair lady in distress," thought poor Marty as he hurried away from there. "She was a lady with a grouch on."

But he speedily forgot all about her, as he joined a crowd around a baseball diamond, where a game was just beginning. He and Dolf knew something about baseball, and Marty sat down and soon lost himself in watching this game. He never noticed when a wee, cold nose was snuggled into his hand, and even when a little black dog dragging a leash curled up cozily beside him, he paid no attention at all.

Marty woke up at last with a start and stared about him dazedly. There bearing down upon him and shrieking at the top of her voice was the lady of the black looks. A policeman was with her, and she was pointing accusingly at Marty.

"There he is, officer!" she screamed. "There's the thief, and there's my precious Toto with him this minute."

Marty looked down in bewilderment, and sure enough, there lay the little black dog contentedly at his side. How had he got there? Marty did not know. His freckled little face began to work in absolute terror, and the great tears welled up in his blue eyes.

Tom Tripp, lolling half-asleep under a big tree while Trixie Lou made sketches of him, was not too far away to see what was happening to Marty. With a smothered "Jiminy crickets," he leaped up and tore across the grass towards the baseball field, leaving Trixie Lou gasping in astonishment. He arrived just as another gigantic park policeman was stooping to collar poor Marty, while the noisy lady recaptured her little black dog.

Tom Tripp threw his arms around the now sobbing Marty and dragged him away from the policeman's clutching hand. In fact, Tom had bounced onto the scene as suddenly as if he had been shot out of a cannon.

"Don't you dare touch Marty," he cried, his voice trembling with excitement and indignation. "He didn't steal that lady's little dog. I saw this dog myself—he came a-running as fast as ever across the grass and lay down there right beside Marty. It wasn't Marty's fault. He never even noticed the little dog was there. He was watching the game. That little dog likes Marty. He wants to be Marty's dog."

"Oh, no doubt," sneered the policeman, recovering himself and making another dive for Marty, "but we've got to teach him better manners than to let other folks' dogs follow him."

"Don't you dare touch him!" repeated Tom Tripp tightening his arms around poor, shivering Marty. And it was good to see Tom Tripp's face then—it was so brave and fine with its big black eyes sparkling and snapping defiance and determination. He wasn't thinking a bit now about being a hero or making a wonderful impression on folks, not he. He had even forgotten what a star Tom Tripp was. He was just Marty Smith's pal who meant to stand by him through thick and thin, you see.

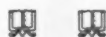
The policeman gave a little snort of impatience and started in earnest to push Tom Tripp out of the way. But he'd reckoned without our friend, Wattie, who had loped over to the group and now bared his teeth, growling ominously at the man who dared to hustle his beloved little master.

The police officer fell back with a low whistle of amazement. "Well," he said, "I see I'm about to run in two young dog-stealers instead of one. This is the very collie we've all been looking for all day, and here he is following our innocent little friend, just by accident, I suppose!"

Tom Tripp was aware that the tide was setting in against Marty and him. There was nothing for it but to cut and run. He watched his chance while the policeman tried vainly to get near enough to Wattie to capture him and the reward offered for him.

"Now!" whispered Tom in Marty's ear. And before you could say "Jack Robinson," there the two of them were making a bold, straightaway dash for liberty.

(Part V of "More Adventures of Tom Tripp" will appear in the October issue of CHILD LIFE.)



## A MOVIE RESOLUTION

FRANCES WINE

I'D LIKE to be a movie queen  
I'd like a dress of silver sheen,  
I'd ride then in an auto-car  
And travel very, very far,  
Perhaps across the sea.

But I don't think I'd like to leave  
My home and friends. I know I'd grieve  
For mother and my daddy too,  
At night when all my work was through  
With them I'd want to be.

So after all is said and done  
Guess I don't envy anyone  
I'd rather stay at home and grow  
Up with the boys and girls I know.  
I guess I'll just be me!



**StromBecker**

**DIAMOBLOX**

Talk in Colorful Pictures!

### Boys and Girls!

What Can You Make Them Say  
to Win These Valuable Prizes?

We have had calls for a larger set of Diamoblox and want new pictures for it like those shown at the left, and some larger ones. You do not need a set of Diamoblox to take part in this contest, although they would be of great help. Just send the coupon below with 10 cents in stamps and we will send you sheets of Diamoblox paper on which you can draw and color your pictures. We will also send you a booklet telling of the many ways of being entertained with Diamoblox.

#### Rules for the Contest

1. You can send us as many pictures as you wish. The more pictures you send, the better chance you have of winning a prize. Only one prize, however, will be awarded to each contestant.
2. You need not make the pictures yourself; ask others to help you.
3. Pictures can best be sent in on Diamoblox Paper, but you may draw them on other paper if you wish. Color the pictures with either crayons or water colors, or outline them with pencil or ink, and write in each block the name of the color used.
4. Write plainly on back of pictures your name and address and the name of the object pictured.
5. Pictures will be judged according to the greatest amount of child interest shown. Here are a few suggestions: Pictures of characters in nursery rhymes, people, animals, trees, flowers, and things seen and used in every-day life.
6. You are permitted to use as many as 72 diamonds and 24 triangles (equal to two No. 2 sets) for any one picture. Pictures requiring the largest number are preferred. The colors to be used are: Red, white, blue, yellow, green and brown.
7. Contest closes November 1, 1925. Each contestant will be mailed a list of the winners on or about December 1st. Our judgment as to the best pictures shall be considered final.

#### The Prizes

**1st Prize . . . \$50.00 in Cash**  
Choice of Wrist Watch, Eastman No. 1A Kodak with anastigmat lens, takes pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4; Girl's or Boy's Iver-Johnson, Boy Scout or Camp Fire Girls Bicycle; or a Juvenile Automobile. Articles valued at \$25.00 or more.

**2nd Prize . . .**  
Choice of Ball-Bearing Roller Skates, Foot Ball, Viennese Doll, Shooter, Browne Kodak or Rifle.

**Next Five Prizes . . .**  
A 50-Cent Set of De Voe's Water Color Paints.

**Next Fifty Prizes . . .**



Diamoblox are made of wood, beautifully enameled on both sides in red, white, blue, yellow, green and brown. With them children and grown-ups can make pictures and designs, play games and work puzzles.

A large booklet with instructions for games, puzzles, pictures and designs is included in each set; also printed sheets in colors showing many pictures that can be made with the blocks. But you must see the Diamoblox to realize their possibilities of instruction and entertainment.

**If your dealer cannot supply you with Diamoblox, mail us coupon below.**

**STROMBECKER-MFG. CO.**  
MOLINE, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which please send me the items I have checked.

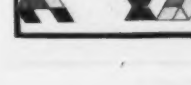
☐ 1 set No. 2 Diamoblox . . . \$1.00  
☐ 2 sets No. 2 Diamoblox . . . 2.00  
☐ 1 dozen sheets Diamoblox paper . . . .10

(Write name and address plainly)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Johnny says "Hi" like this when he says "I will."





LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION



# MUNSING

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*Silk Vests and Bloomers for Women*

*Combination All-in-One Silk Vests and Step-Ins for Women*

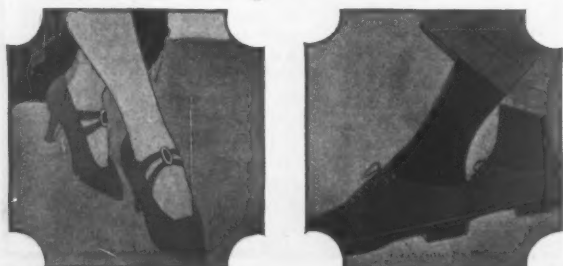
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*Munsingwear is also obtainable in hosiery in a great variety of styles for men, women, children, infants.*

*Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service*



THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION, MINNEAPOLIS

## DROP IT

By GRACE MARIAN SMITH

PLACE a pint or quart fruit jar on the floor.  
Give each player ten beans.

One at a time each player holds the right hand straight out at right angles to the body, and drops his beans.

The one who succeeds in getting the largest number into the jar wins.

If there are a number of players, captains may be selected, who choose sides, and the teams contest against each other.



## A LOVELY BED

MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

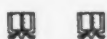
EACH morning bees and butterflies  
Have wiped the dewdrops from their eyes  
And flown away on whirring wings  
Before our bell for breakfast rings!  
They sleep in hollyhocks so pink—  
A soft and lovely bed I think!



## THE SPIDER WEB

MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN

**H**OW does a spider ever weave  
His web so fine? I do believe  
*He dreams* it in the night, as I  
Dream of the fairies when I lie  
In bed. Well anyway, it seems  
As soft and fine as fairy dreams!



## PLANTING PUMPKIN SEEDS

By GRACE MARIAN SMITH

**M**IDWAY of each of the two long sides of the room or yard, set a pint or quart fruit jar.

Give each player ten beans, peas, kernels of corn or pumpkin seeds.

The first contestant starts at one end of the room, walks down one side, across the end, up the other side, and back to position, following this route five times without stopping at any point. As he passes the jars he drops his seeds.

He may drop all the seeds at once into one jar, or one at a time into either jar; but when he has walked five times around the room all the seeds should be in the jars.

When the first player has been five times around the room, he withdraws. The jars are examined, scores marked, and the next player tries his skill.

Prizes or forfeits may be awarded.



1805—Crepede chine, shirred crown, pleated inessalinee edge, feather band, ribbon bow and streamer. \$3.00 each  
1907—Crepede chine, shirred top, Georgette shield and edge, bows, streamer and bud trimming. \$4.00 each  
Pink, White, Blue, Sand

**Fairfame**  
Kiddie Caps

## MAKE EVERY CHILD A PICTURE

Bring out that true baby loveliness—those dimpled, rosy cheeks and mischievous eyes. Her every expression is a delightful picture when framed in a Fairfame Kiddie Cap.

If your favorite shop does not carry Fairfame Kiddie Caps, we will supply you through them—write us, sending their name.

PRICED  
\$3 ~ \$4 ~ \$5  
AND UP

Send for the Fairfame "Booklet C"  
of Fascinating New Styles

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AT GOOD STORES

G. H. & B. Freyberg  
10 West 20th St. New York

IN YOUR CITY

BABY CAPS - KIDDIE CAPS - BOUDOIR CAPS

# DOGS

## Where To Get Them



What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

**SUNNYBRAE  
COLLIE KENNELS**  
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate. Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to receive a letter from you.

### TOY POMERANIANS

We supply high class Toy Pom pups at \$35 to \$50 each. Remit \$5 and we will reserve one for you. Prize winning ancestry.

**FISHER BROS.,**  
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### Playmates for Children

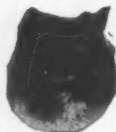


#### COLLIES

Ideal companions for children of all ages. Intelligent, healthy puppies.

#### CHOWS

Soft, cuddly little balls of fur are these affectionate little chows. They are waiting to play with some little boy or girl.



#### POLICE PUPPIES

Dogs boarded—Steam heated and outside kennels, covering 29 acres. Exhibition grounds located on Waukegan Road No. 42A. Four miles west of Wilmette. 1 1/4 miles north of Garden of Allah.

#### FISHER KENNELS

Glen View, Ill. Phones Glen View 126 and 71

### CHILD LIFE

## Dog Stories

### THE DOG NEXT DOOR

**T**OODLES is a doggie  
Who lives next door  
to me;  
She has a little puppy  
That's as cute as it can be.

The puppy is a boy-dog  
And so we call him Bill;  
He looks just like his father  
And his father's name is Will.

**BARBARA SHURTLIFF**  
Age 8 years. Dallas, Texas

### MY FUNNY DOG

**O**NCE I had a pretty dog  
Her pretty name was Jill;  
I hitched her to a little cart  
And sent her down the hill.

**LORRAINE STEWART**  
Age 10 years. Wanderoos, Wisc.

### POLICE DOGS



Best watch dogs,  
most intelligent,  
kind disposition  
toward their friends.

Pups for sale,  
from all registered  
dogs, sired by a  
nephew of Strong-  
heart and from exceptional females.  
Reasonable. Write for pictures and prices.

**CULPAUGH KENNELS**  
Saxman, Kansas

### OORANG AIREDALE TERRIERS

are a special strain of pedigree dogs highly developed for the all-round purposes of house-guards, automobile companions, children's playmates, men's pals; hunters and retrievers of all wild game; also stock drivers of cattle and sheep. Exclusively bred and sold by the world's largest dog kennels whose complete illustrated catalog will be mailed to your address for ten cents postage.

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#### Quality Wire Haired Fox Terriers

Small enough  
to be cuddled,  
and energetic  
enough to be  
admired by  
daddy.

**REKCOD KENNELS, (Reg.)**  
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Real beauties from wonderfully trained imported parents. Intelligent, fearless, the ideal child's protector and pal. Don't buy until you've received my offers and guarantee.

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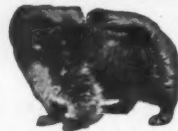
"Character plus Appearance."  
You can pay more but you can't  
get a better dog.

**SUN BEAM FARM  
STRONG HEART KENNELS**  
East Pike, New Brunswick, N.J.

### PEKINGESE

#### This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump,  
But my heart is big and true.  
My mistress says now I'm quite big  
enough  
To leave my dear mother—for you.



Write at once for descriptions and  
pictures from the largest and best  
appointed kennels in the World.

\$25 up

**MRS. HARRIE A. BAXTER**  
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Great Neck, Long Island, or  
347 Fifth Avenue, New York City

## The CHILD LIFE Dog Department

**I**F YOU should like to have a friendly dog we will be glad to answer any questions about them. We will tell you what dogs make the best companions, about how much they cost, and, if you like, we will recommend the best

kennels near your home for your convenience.

The Dog Department of CHILD LIFE has helped many of its little readers in the selection of these lovable pets and is able to give you good, reliable advice about them.

Just Write to

**CHILD LIFE, DOG DEPARTMENT**  
536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



## THE PEARL DIVERS

(Continued from page 559)

famous little Panama swimmers won every race, but in the special events Mary Emily brought honor and distinction to the little group of invaders by winning the contest in high diving.

It had been agreed that the final event of the program would combine swimming and skill under water. It had been suggested by Toppo. He called it the "Pearl Divers' Race." At the far end of the pool, six piles of white stones were dropped to the bottom, ten stones in each pile. Toppo selected Andy, Jack and Dip to represent the ship, and three of the little Red, White and Blue team were to race against them. They were lined up at the end of the pool farthest from the stones, each with a cloth bag the size of a salt bag.

"Now this is the race," explained Toppo. "When the signal to Go is given, you'll dive into the water and swim in a straight line to the other end of the pool, and then you'll go down and fill your bag with pearls. There are ten stones representing pearls for each one of you, and the boy who gets his ten back to the starting point first wins the race."

At the signal, Go, six lithe, brown-legged youngsters splashed into the water. And, as they arrived at the far end and disappeared, all of their rooters peered eagerly into the dark depths of the pool. It was like waiting for the appearance of a Marathon runner, and there could have been no more tense enthusiasm if this had been an event in the Olympics. A boy can't stay very long under water, but it seemed as if these youngsters had gone down with the intention of spending the rest of the afternoon. All of a sudden a hand clutching a white sack broke the smooth surface of the pool, and a shout went up from the throats of the little Yankee invaders as they saw the head that followed it was unmistakably Dip Streeter's. Dip wasn't a graceful swimmer, but he was sturdy and strong and with all his might he splashed toward the goal that would bring him victory. He was three strokes away when another little head shot to the surface, and it belonged to one of the Red, White and Blue troop. It was a real race, for the Panama boy was a crack swimmer. With the shouts of their supporters ringing in their ears, the two used every ounce of strength in the drive for the finish line. It was only by inches that Dip heaved himself and his bag of precious pearls out of the tank to win the final victory for his team.

After a delightful picnic with their new friends, the youngsters were rowed out to the *Silver Bell*.

"This has been some day," said Andy. "Wasn't it great that Dip won that Pearl Divers' Race? I'd like to stay here a long time."

"It was nice," said Mary Emily, "but I'll be glad when we get home. Wait until we girls practice pearl diving at Pine Lake. Then we'll race you boys."

"Oh, girls couldn't ever do that," scoffed Andy.

"Maybe you're right," laughed Toppo, "but who was it won that high diving contest to-day?"

## CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN



### SAMUEL SNAIL

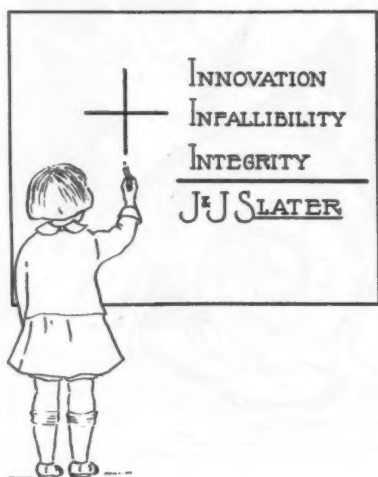
HELEN COWLES LECRON

SAMUEL Snail is always late!  
People say they've had to wait  
Hours for Sam! Though Mother  
worries,  
Samuel never NEVER hurries!

Yes, he's always very late!  
When he starts to school at eight,  
He arrives at half-past three!  
(That's how late the child can be!)

Teacher says in pain and sorrow,  
"Sam, DO be on time to-morrow,  
If you have to start to-day!"  
(Maybe that's the only way.)

## LESSONS IN LEATHER THE THREE I'S



## FOR SCHOOL

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## HOSIERY

SPECIALLY PRICED BY THE HALF DOZEN

# J. J. SLATER

415 Fifth Avenue  
15 East 57th Street

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST

**N**EXT month the CHILD LIFE Crossword Puzzle travelers will sail into their home harbors, for in the October issue the fifth and last puzzle of the crossword puzzle series will be printed. Those of you who have not yet started to try for one of the splendid prizes offered in this contest, will have to travel a little faster to catch up. But how you will enjoy your crossword puzzle trip! Every reader of CHILD LIFE—except members of the families of Rand McNally & Company employees—is invited to take the Crossword Puzzle contest trip.

Nearly all the words in this puzzle are geographical names, as in the puzzles published in the June, July, and August issues and in the puzzle that will be printed in the October number. After you solve each puzzle put it away carefully and then mail the five of them together, with a hundred-word letter on "The Country I Want Most to Visit and Why," in time to reach us by October 10, 1925. Unless *all five* of the puzzles and *the letter* are sent *together*, they cannot be considered. *Please remember that!*

Mail your contest papers to the Crossword Puzzle Contest editor, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. List the vertical (up and down) words and then the horizontal (across) words, and be sure to write your name, age and address clearly in ink on every page. At the top of each paper, write "Answer to June Puzzle," "Answer to July Puzzle," etc. In awarding the prizes the judges will consider correctness, the merit of the letters and neatness.

The prizes—there are two sets, one for the boys and girls between the ages 9 and 12, and another for those 8 and under—will take you on trips around the world most any time you want to go. The winners of the two *first* prizes will have their choice of a beautiful eight-inch GLOBE on an oxidized finish stand or the big Rand McNally INTERNATIONAL ATLAS. This atlas is international in scope as well as in name, with its many interesting colored illustrations, and its beautifully tinted maps showing every portion of the earth's surface. A full page of text accompanies each map and describes the geography, climate, history, resources, products, industries and places of interest. The indexes list more than 100,000 place names, and charts, tables and diagrams furnish valuable statistics.

The *second* prize, the PREMIER ATLAS OF THE WORLD, is an ideal atlas for your home, with its maps for the entire world, its complete indexes and special features all thoroughly correct and up-to-date. The maps show political divisions, cities and towns, railroads, waterways, etc. The indexes contain practically all important place names, with latest official population figures.

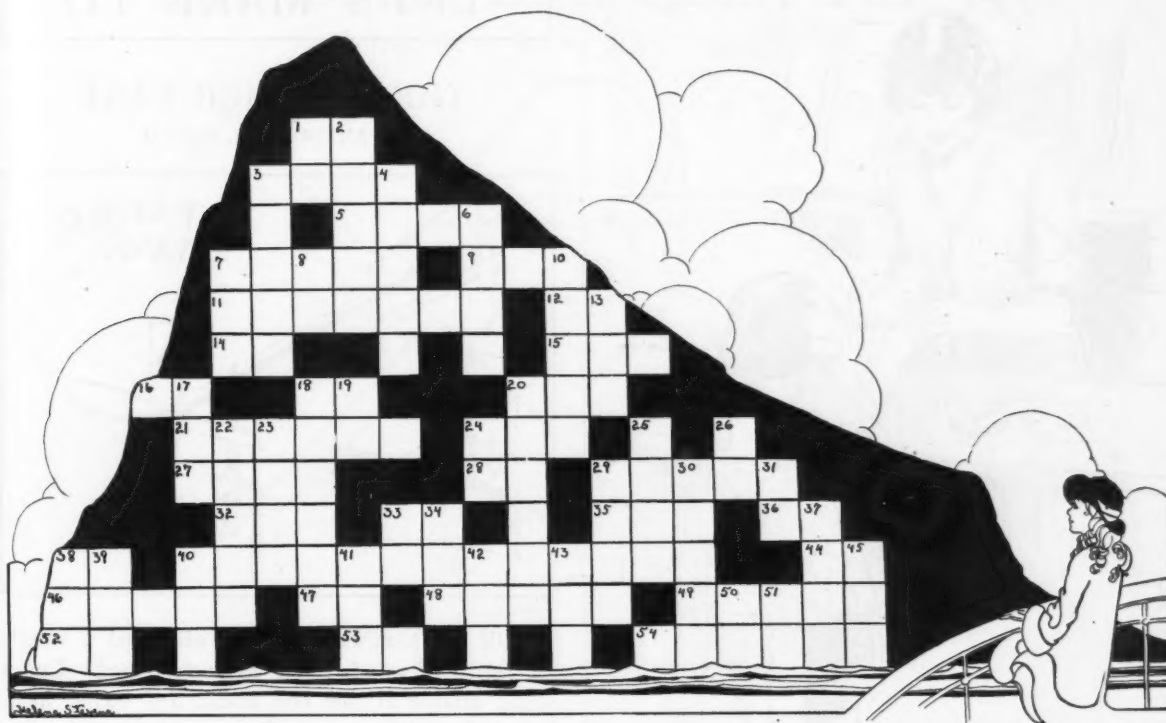
The winners of the two *third* prizes will receive copies of the HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD, which is just as handy as it sounds. It has maps of every continent, every country, every state of the United States, every province of Canada; and on the reverse side of each map are statistics regarding government, climate, resources, industries, etc.

The next *forty* prizes—*twenty* for the older contestants and *twenty* for the younger ones—will be copies of the convenient and very interesting little POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

In case of a tie for any prize the prize will be duplicated. The complete set of five puzzles and hundred-word letter must reach the Crossword Puzzle Contest Editor by October 10, 1925.

The winners will be announced in the December issue of CHILD LIFE.

## THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE TRIP No. 4



## HORIZONTAL (ACROSS)

1. Abbreviation for "postscript."
3. What boys and men often wear instead of hats.
5. Birthstone for October.
7. An Italian seaport, the birthplace of Christopher Columbus.
9. A girl's name—one of the four sisters so beloved in Louisa Alcott's "Little Women."
11. A native of Italy.
12. A preposition.
14. A verb meaning "to exist."
15. Abbreviation for the Christmas month.
16. Abbreviation of a south Atlantic state. Its capital is Richmond.
18. An adjective and pronoun showing possession.
20. Small, busy insect that makes honey.
21. Largest desert in the world, situated in northern Africa.
24. Abbreviation for Dalmatia, a country on the Adriatic Sea.
27. An object with runners, used for sliding and riding on the ice.
28. A giant, king of Bashan, defeated by the Hebrews at Edrei.
29. A peninsula at the north end of the Red Sea; also the name of a mountain mentioned in the Biblical story of Moses.
32. A dark liquid, used in roofing a house.
33. What some children call their mothers.
35. Initial letters for United States.
36. An exclamation of surprise.
38. Word meaning "like," "similar to."
40. A sea separating Europe from Africa, and connecting with the Atlantic by the Strait of Gibraltar.
44. A preposition denoting time or place.
46. Village in Upper Egypt on the Nile river, where the ancient tomb of the old Egyptian king, Tutankamen, was found.
47. Abbreviation for the title, Doctor.
48. A seaport of Spain, the capital of a province of the same name.
49. The capital of Egypt, near the right bank of the Nile.
52. Letters meaning "Ante Meridiem."
53. Singular neuter pronoun of the third person.
54. An important seaport, capital of New South Wales, Australia.

## VERTICAL (UP AND DOWN)

1. Abbreviation of the eastern state named after William Penn, its founder.
2. Small piece of wood around which thread is wound.
3. Island in the Mediterranean Sea, southeast of Greece and southwest of Asia Minor.
4. European country separated from Africa by the Strait of Gibraltar.
6. The solid part of the earth's surface, that part not covered by water.
7. Familiar abbreviation of the name of a huge rock situated at the point where the Atlantic and Mediterranean meet.
8. Letters standing for a great continent of the Northern Hemisphere.
10. A song sung by yodeling, as by the Swiss mountaineers.
13. Payment for services rendered.
17. Long-eared animal, used as a beast of burden in European and Asiatic countries.
18. Capital of Spain.
19. Abbreviation for "years."
20. Capital of Mesopotamia, once the seat of Arabic culture and learning.
22. To change.
23. The upper part of the human body, containing the brain.
24. The first note of the scale.
25. Capital of a province of Tuscany, Italy, the city of the famous leaning tower.
26. Abbreviation for a southern state on the Gulf of Mexico.
29. Canal connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.
30. City of northeastern France.
31. One of the two abbreviations for "Iowa."
33. Another word for "myself."
34. Surname of Joan, the national heroine of France.
37. Another word for rabbit.
38. Abbreviation for a southern state on the Gulf of Mexico. Montgomery is the capital.
39. In arithmetic a problem to be solved, or an example to be summed up.
40. The only word in a cow's vocabulary.
41. A prefix meaning "three," used as in "triangle."
42. A ragged, torn piece of cloth.
43. The first three letters of "Nippon."
45. Something you like to play with, for example, a doll or boat.
50. Initial letters of Latin words, "Anno Domini," meaning time since the birth of Christ.
51. The opposite of "out."





## "Please, may I have a TOM and BELLE TINKER"

**A**T YOUR toy store or in the toy section of your department store you will find these bright TINKER TOYS and all their merry brothers and sisters. Ask mother to take you to see them. She will like them almost as much as you do.



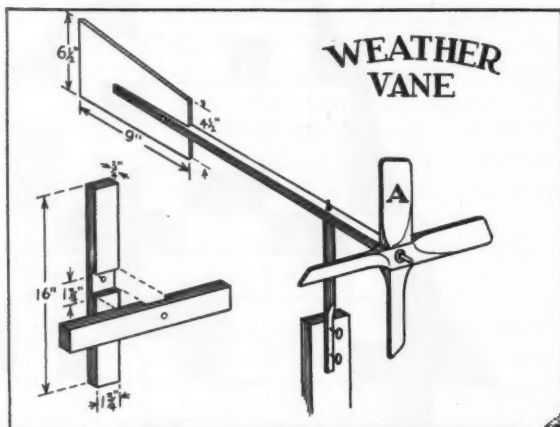
The TOY TINKERS, Inc.,  
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



## LET'S MAKE IT!

### THE WEATHER VANE

By ANTHONY R. GOULD



**F**OR the weather vane you will need a square strip of wood about 22 inches long. Cut a slight groove at one end about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. Fasten into this groove, by means of small nails, a thin piece of wood, such as a shingle, 9 inches long,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide at the back and graduating to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the front end. This is called the tail.

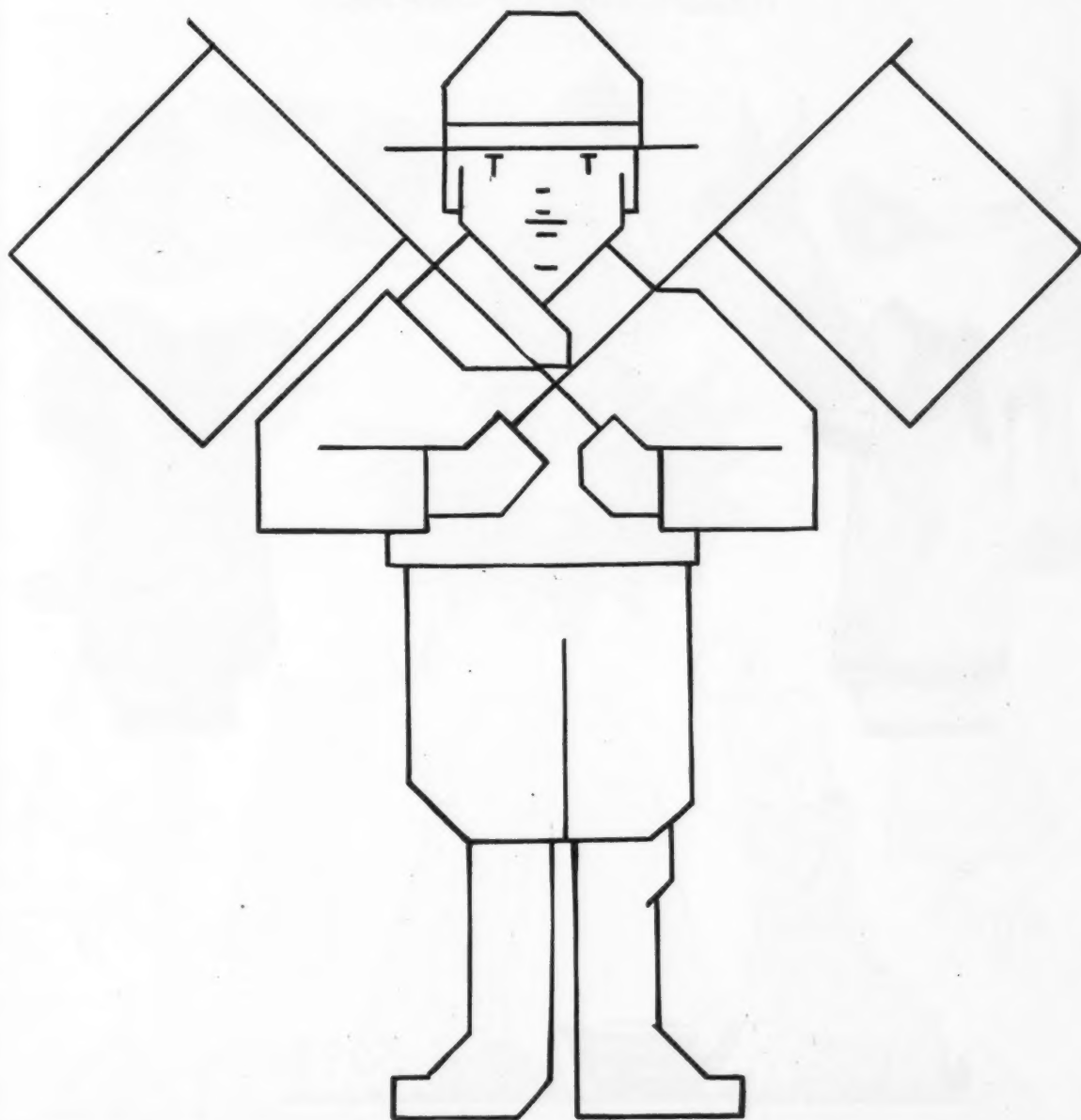
To make the sail, cut two strips of wood 6 inches long,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. Find the exact center of each strip and draw a  $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch square with this point as a center. Take the left side of this square, as you look down the strip, as your starting point and whittle at an angle, so that each section becomes flat and thin at the edges. The left edge should be thin at the back of the strip and the right edge at the front. This is true of both ends on both sides.

In each of your strips cut a groove  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide, in the square you have drawn in the center, so that they will fit into each other. You have already found the exact center of the two strips of wood which you have now fitted together. This means that the center of one strip is directly over the center of the other. Through this point drill a hole slightly larger than the heavy nail you will use as a shaft. Slip a washer over the nail and bring it next to the head. Then slide the nail through the sail, slip on another washer and drive the nail into the end of your 22-inch strip of wood.

Now bore a hole in your long strip of wood about seven inches from the sail, slightly larger than the nail you will use for the weather vane to pivot on. Be sure to bore this hole so that the tail will be vertical. This will make the weather vane always swing with the sail facing the wind.

# THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 14

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



## No. 14. THE BOY SCOUT

**N**UMBER 14 is a chap that can set an example in manliness for all the other boys. Even though he is formally designed into a square and done in only straight lines going four directions, you will instantly recognize him as your friend and helper, the Boy Scout.

He is wigwagging a message of honor and integrity, of loyalty and service. If he can do

all this as a boy, what a splendid man he may hope to be. He will be a splendid Quilty to add to your CHILD LIFE family.

**Instructions:** To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

# YOUR SUIT AND DOLLY'S

Designed by *CHIQUET*. With Patterns



WHEN all of the other paper dolls trudged off to school leaving Tommy and Tippy alone, Tommy just could not help crying a little bit. "There, there," said his sweet little paper doll mother. "Stop crying and find your bubble pipe. Blowing bubbles is more fun than crying. Why, before you know it, it will be time for kindergarten to open." "Bow, wow," said Tippy, "I say so too."

So while Tommy blew bubbles and Tippy chased them, Mother made two dear little kindergarten suits.

First, a real smock of flannel with tight little trousers. This was trimmed with checked flannel collars, cuffs and vest, also some pretty buttons. Next she made one of jersey, with a sweater-like jacket. The bands around the neck, sleeves and lower part were of darker jersey. "Oh," said all of the paper

dolls when they came home, "these are the dearest suits Tommy ever had. How did you ever make them, Mother?"

"Here is my receipt," said Mother. "One little dog, two CHILD LIFE patterns and a good little boy blowing bubbles. I wish every mother could try it."

Pattern No. 5097, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.

Pattern No. 5050, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.

Pattern No. 4921, 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

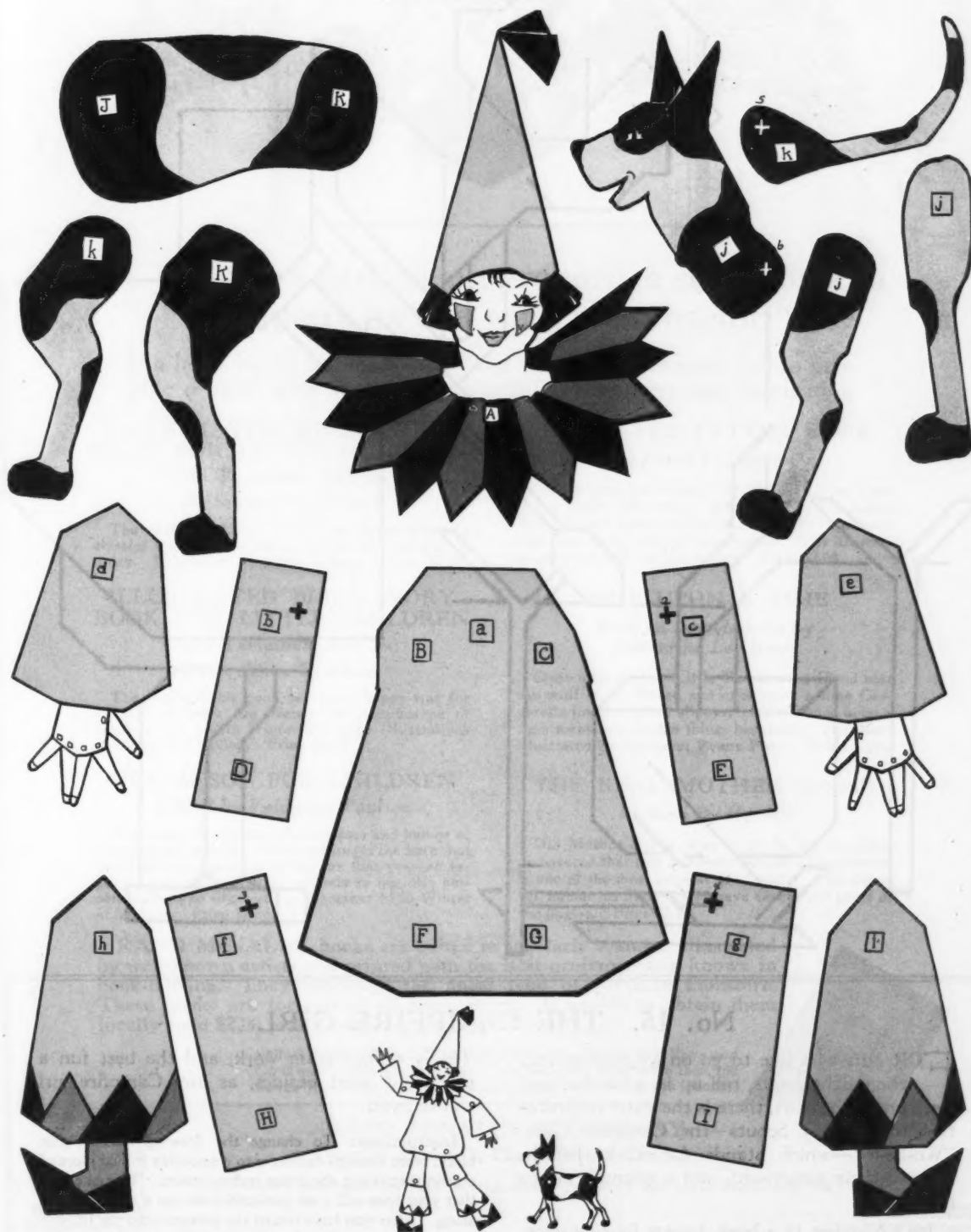
Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, Rand McNally & Company, 536 So. Clark Street, Chicago.



# TONI BAMBONI AND HIS DOG OSCAR BALONI

By LUCIA PATTON



## DIRECTIONS

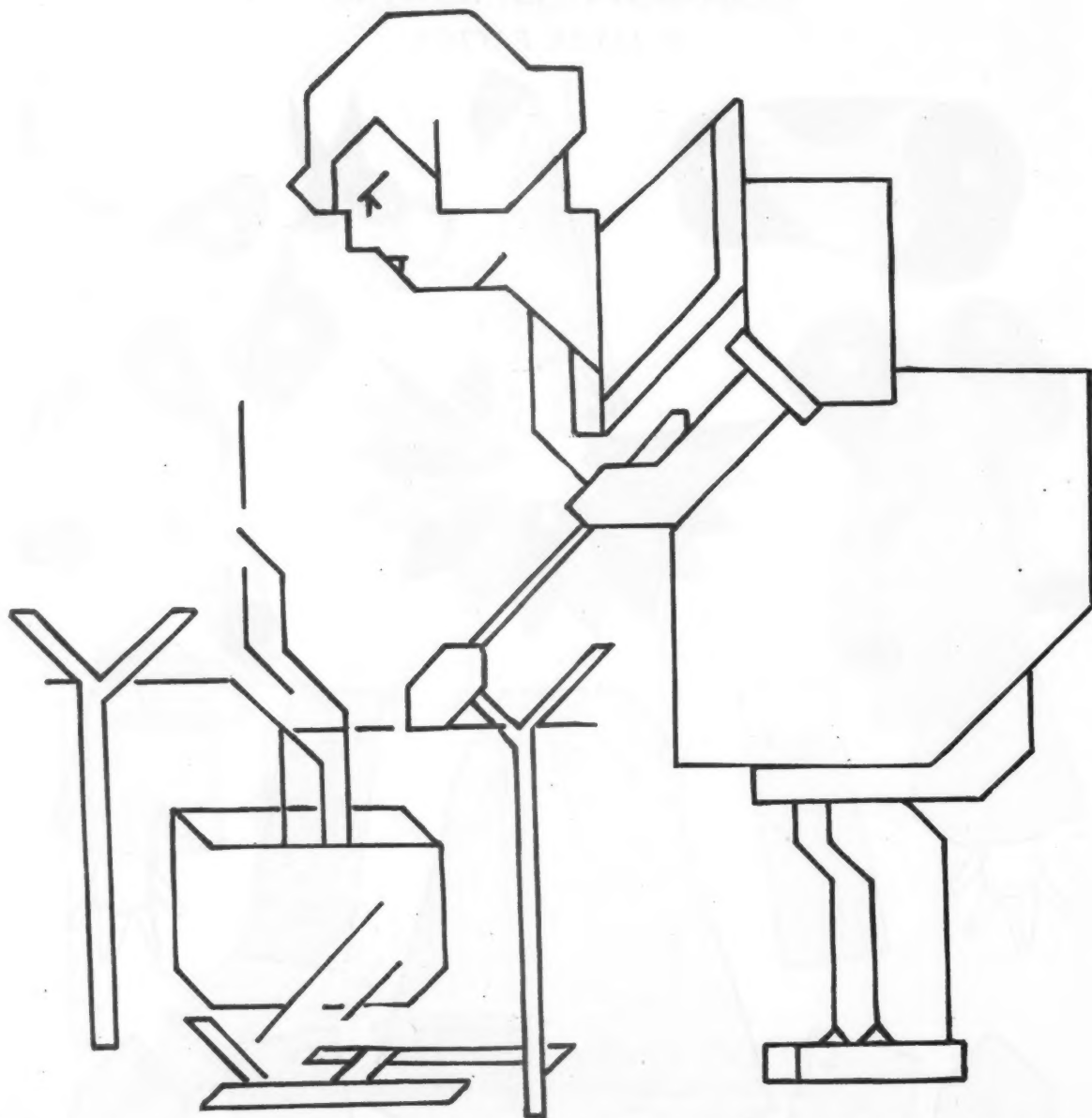
TO MAKE Toni Bamboni dance and Oscar Baloni wag his tail, you need a piece of cardboard, just as big as this page, eleven flatheads and some string. Paste the page on the cardboard.

Match the letters above each little white square, putting A on top of a and B on top of b, etc. With the points of scissors poke little holes through the little white squares and attach them with the flatheads.

Put a piece of string eight inches long through the crosses, Figure 1 to Figure 2, and tie a knot at each end to hold it and another from Figure 3 to Figure 4 and another from Figure 5 to Figure 6. To hang them up, tie a string around Toni's hat and around Oscar's head and when you pull the strings Toni will dance and wave his arms and Oscar will wag his tail.

# THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 15

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



## No. 15. THE CAMPFIRE GIRL

FOR girls who like to go on long hikes and, when night comes, roll up in a blanket and sleep under the stars, there is the sister organization to the Boy Scouts—the Campfire Girls. “Wo-he-lo”—which stands for work, health, love—is their watchword, and a splendid motto it is.

Isn't Number 15 a busy, square looking miss, making breakfast porridge, while the other quilties are hiking around working up appetites?

That's wohelo team work, and the best fun a girl could want besides, as any Campfire girl will tell you.

**Instructions:** To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.



**"A book is a garden, an orchard, a storehouse, a company by the way, a counselor"**

If a book be all of these things and more, how can one fail to provide a child with such companionship, resources and inspiration

**ILLUSTRATED BIBLE STORY BOOK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN**

(Old Testament Stories)

*By Seymour Loveland*

The skill of the author makes these fine old classics vital and appealing to the boy and girl of today. Illustrated by Milo Winter. Price \$2.00.

**ILLUSTRATED BIBLE STORY BOOK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN**

(New Testament Stories)

*By Seymour Loveland*

The pages of this book provide a happy way for a child to learn the beauty and significance of Christ's life. Milo Winter has made illustrations of charm and feeling. Price \$2.00.

**THE AESOP FOR CHILDREN**

*Edited by Valdemar Paulsen*

The years do not dim the wisdom and humor of these ancient fables. Who can forget the hare that raced with the tortoise or the fox that yearned for grapes or any of the other animals so quaintly personified? The illustrations represent Milo Winter at his best. Price \$2.00.

RAND McNALLY books are edited in scholarly manner, illustrated by well-known artists and printed with the best craftsmanship known in book-making. They represent the finest type of juvenile literature. These books are for sale at all book shops. If unable to obtain them locally send \$2.00 plus 7 cents for postage.

SEND FOR OUR LITTLE CATALOG, *Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection*. It describes fully more than 150 books for every age and temperament, and helps you choose.

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**  
Dept. W-33, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me your catalog, *Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection*.

Name .....

Address .....

**THE PETER PATER BOOK**

*By Leroy F. Jackson*

Probably no one except Old Mother Goose ever wrote more jolly verses than those in this book. The lilt and humor of the jingles are so infectious that they linger long in the memory. The illustrations are as jolly as the verses. Price \$2.00.

**ONCE UPON A TIME**

*With an introduction by Katherine Lee Bates*

Once upon a time Little Red Riding Hood met the wolf in the forest, and once upon a time Cinderella lost her glass slipper. In fact once upon a time many memorable things happened. Profusely illustrated by Margaret Evans Price. Price \$2.00.

**THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE**

*Written By Herself*

Old Mother Goose, busy as she is, has no doubt discovered that this complete edition of her verses is one of the most popular ever made. The cheerful, humorous illustrations have caught the spirit of the jingles. Price \$2.00.







CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a "Sourdough," for I was born in Fairbanks, Alaska. We call the United States "outside." I have been outside two times — both times for a year or more.

The first time I went outside — with my mother and sister — we went on the stage, which is a big sled drawn by horses. The wind was blowing eighty miles an hour and it was 70 degrees below zero. Just as we were going over the bridge on the Delta River, the horses went wild and they pulled the stage into the river. I was three years old, but that did not save me from going under the ice. My sister, who was five months old, was in a basket covered with canvas, and she gaily floated down the icy river. My mother found my sister first and had given up hope of finding me, when she saw my red legging. She pulled it up and with it came me.



ANNA MACKAY

I was black in the face and gasping for breath. Soon, however, I was all right.

I read CHILD LIFE and like the Joy Givers' Club best.

BETTY BOYER

Age 11

Chitina, Alaska

Dear Miss Waldo:

SOME of our little friends in China sent CHILD LIFE as a Christmas present to us, and we all enjoy it exceedingly. I want to join the Joy Givers' Club.

I am the eldest of a family of five, and live on an island named Formosa, off the coast of China. So you see it is a long way from here to America, and it takes a long time for any letters or magazines to reach here.

I am enclosing a photograph of myself when I was eight years old, with my little sister tied on my back. This is the way all of the little Formosa children are carried when they are small.

Lovingly yours,

ANNA MACKAY

Age 12 Tamsui, Formosa, Japan

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM so thankful to you for sending me CHILD LIFE. I really would love to be a Joy Giver and intend to keep contact with your magazine. I am sending you two postal cards of Warsaw, Poland. The first shows the University of Warsaw on one of the main streets with the two statues of Wisdom and Knowledge. The other shows one of the old streets in Warsaw with the cathedral spires and the original three window buildings with the skylight roofs. They date back to the days of the first Polish kings.

Some of the members of the Joy Givers' Club write to me, and it cheers me up very much to think that I have friends that write to me from so far away. Dear Editor, may I ask for a membership card? Please send me one if you can. I would be very thankful.

I haven't any more news except that my puppy Snookums got lost and I am a Merry Widow. But Daddy thinks to get me another one just the same, and I am going to name him just the same as the first.

I'll have to close now, because am in a hurry.

I remain, yours sincerely,

ALA WACHTL  
Długa I Apt. 2,  
Warsaw, Poland

Dear Miss Waldo:

THIS is what I did in Honolulu. We went up the Pali and looked at the view and up to Pacific Heights too. Then we went up to the mountains and had a picnic. We go in swimming—usually in a tank. Another day we went to Wakiki and played in the sand. The waves were higher than a person's head. We had a slight earthquake. I only heard the windows rattle, and I thought it was the wind, but Mother told me it was an earthquake. Another time we went up to Scofield Barracks and saw all the army people.

MARY ALICE BAILEY  
Box 3054, Honolulu, H. I.

Age 9

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LOVE CHILD LIFE. It is the best magazine I have ever read.

I live in Cuba and we have very hot weather here. I have no friends to play with of my own age. I wish you would publish my letter, and if any boy or girl would like to write me, I would be glad to answer them. We have many kinds of beautiful flowers in Cuba all the year round. My teacher reads to us some of the stories in CHILD LIFE. I love mail very much.

Your loving friend,

ADELFA FERNANDEZ  
Ingenio, Rio Canto, Oriente,  
Age 12½ Cuba

Dear Miss Waldo:

I THINK CHILD LIFE is the best magazine I ever read. I am sending you a story and some verses which I made all alone. Please put my name in a list of children who want letters.

Lovingly yours,

ANA SILVA  
P. O. Box, 844, Bogota, Republic  
of Colombia, So. America

### THE FAIRIES

IN THE heart of a wood  
There lived a Fairy Queen,  
And she always sat  
On her throne of mossy green.

Dainty little fairies,  
Pretty little things;  
On their forehead tiny wreaths,  
On their fingers, rings.

Cunning little brownies  
Sit upon their mats,  
At the feet of Fairy Queen  
In brown suits and caps.

When each day arrives and  
The brownies are up  
They bring the Queen dew  
In her big golden cup.

And meantime all fairies  
Are making new toys;  
They make toys, you know,  
For good girls and boys!

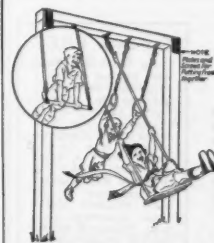
ANA SILVA  
P. O. Box 844,  
Bogota, Republic of Colombia,  
So. America

Oh, Kids—  
another new

# Go-boy



HANDIEST of all GO-BOY Playtoys when there's an errand to be done, or things to be carried. Nice roomy cab for holding playthings, dolls or mother's packages. And plenty of foot room for riding. Speeds fast, smooth and quiet on its rubber-tired, roller-bearing wheels; steers with no effort at all. And has the good old GO-BOY three-wheel safety, and staunchness that stands up under the rough-and-ready use girls and boys from 4 to 11 years will give it.



And when  
kiddies have  
GO-BOY GYM  
you know  
they're safe  
in the yard—  
off the street!

HERE'S real fun! Flying Rings, Trapeze Bar (which are interchangeable) and wonderful Swing. Builds healthy bodies, husky arms and legs, and rosy cheeks—and lasts all through childhood.

Get these GO-BOY health-building Playtoys NOW from your hardware or toy dealer. Should he not have them, please write us direct for illustrated folder showing all GO-BOY Playtoys, and name of store where you can get GO-BOYS for your youngsters.

THE GO-BOY CORPORATION  
600-S Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.



## New Kind of Play Invented By Child Expert

AFTER years of studying and working with hundreds of children, Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., (Harvard and Columbia), President of the Parents Association, has invented a new kind of scientific play—a kind of play which is not only highly amusing and fascinating, but which also builds character and will power, creates strong, quick, accurate minds, and forms habits of industry and originality—all in a natural, easy, unforced way.

This new kind of play for all children from two to twelve—the Playbox—will open a child's mind, will bring to the front all those qualities which, when properly developed, almost automatically insure success in life. The child's interest is caught from the start. He or she begins to prefer this new game to mischief, to advance and develop every day. And yet The Playbox is no more expensive than ordinary toys.

### Special Low Price Offer

SO convinced are we that every home needs The Playbox that we are making, for a short time only, an amazing low price. You want your children to make the most of their lives—to be happy and successful. The Playbox will help them to have confidence, originality, resourcefulness. Full description of The Playbox and the special low price offer will be sent upon request.

Mail the coupon now for special offer on The Playbox and our FREE book, *The Mother's Reply*, which tells how to instruct children in the important matters of sex. No obligation.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 989,  
Pleasant Hill, Ohio

The Parents Association,  
Dept. 989, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me full information about Prof. Beery's invention, The Playbox, and special Low Price offer. Also send me a copy of *The Mother's Reply*.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....

### Sex Book FREE

So much has been said of the necessity of parents instructing children in matters having to do with the origin of life, that many would gladly do so, only they do not know how. A valuable little book, *The Mother's Reply*, shows mothers how to tell their children about these important matters. This book is now being distributed FREE to parents as part of the great international work being done by the Parents Association. Mail the coupon for your copy.



### THE ROSE AND THE BEE

WHEN blossoms are sweet  
The bee so neat  
Sips from the rose—  
The one with lovely pink clothes!

PHOEBE FOSTER  
68 a Westbourne Terrace,  
Hyde Park, London, W.2,  
England  
Age 7

Dear CHILD LIFE:

MY MOTHER gave you to me and Ruth, my twin sister, for a Christmas present. I like you very much.

I have been in Ecuador nearly all my life. We were just babies when we came down, and now we are big girls, nine years old. Our house is up on a hill, so we can see all around. It is a very pretty view. The hospital is up on the hill, and the only two story house. We ride on horses when we want to go for a ride. There is a piano at the club, and we go down there every Monday and a lady teaches us. We have two big tanks filled with fresh water, and we go swimming every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday. There are more people on Sunday. Mother teaches us at home in our schoolroom where we have two bookcases, three desks, one blackboard and a calendar.

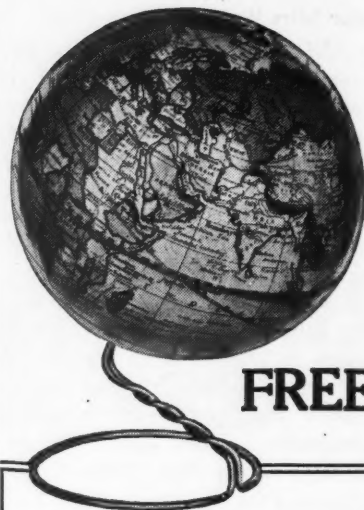
We had an old house, but that burned down a long time ago. We



don't know how it happened, but we think the washerwoman left the iron on.

I am sending you a picture of me and my sister.

With love from  
MARY OLDS KELLOGG  
% S. A. Development Co.,  
Box 655, Guayaquil,  
Portouelo Ecuador, So. Amer.  
Age 9



FREE

### Here's a Globe for You

HERE'S a globe of the world, built like the one in school only not too big for your room. And right now when school is starting you can have it FREE.

It is what is called a revolving six-inch Rand McNally globe—six inches straight through. All the countries of the world are printed in beautiful colors on it. With it you can get a clear idea of just where every country is, how big it is compared to others, why the sun rises and sets, what Columbus was trying to do when he discovered America, how much water there is, what the equator is, where the north pole is, and you will learn ever so many other things, too.

### You Can Have It In Your Room

To get this interesting globe FREE just when school is starting, simply send us the new subscription of some friend for one year and the \$3.00 you have collected. It must be a new subscription and must not be your own, or to your own address. Use the blank below and the day after we receive it with the \$3.00 we will send the globe postpaid to you. Only one globe sent to one address.

— — — — — FOR THE GLOBE — — — — —

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY One Year \$3.00  
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago Two Years 5.00

Enclosed you will find a check for \$3.00 for one year or \$5.00 for two years' subscription to CHILD LIFE, to be sent to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please send the six inch globe of the world to me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# New Games for Children-

## Exciting Interesting Educational

THESE games are unusual in their interest for children, and in the fascination of their play. Unusual also, because they are unbreakable and can be washed without injury. The boards are made of metal; 16½ in. square, and beautifully colored. Playing directions are printed on each board, and each has a regulation checker board on the reverse side. Almost any good toy store has them.

### "ROUND THE WORLD FLIERS"

Played by moving miniature aeroplanes around the globe following the exact course taken by the United States Army Aviators in the first "round-the-world" flight. Very educational; teaches children the map of the world and the flags of many nations. Four aeroplanes are included.

### STRATEGY

Similar to checkers, but more exciting and interesting; full of thrills and disappointments and real strategy is required to win. 24 miniature players are included.

### The MOTOR RACE

A real automobile race over a regular speedway. Lots of fun and excitement for little folks.

These "SANDY ANDY" Games can be obtained in most good toy stores. If not in your local store, we will send any one of them postpaid, for \$1.00. (West of Denver, and outside the U. S. \$1.25 postpaid.)

### "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games

comprise a large assortment of attractive playthings, all of which are sold under the "Sandy Andy" trade mark. We will be glad to send every reader of Child Life a beautifully colored pamphlet containing pictures of them all.

WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO.  
1202 Western Ave., N. S.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM in Rome right now. We are having a wonderful time seeing everything. We have seen St. Peter's. It is the most wonderful basilica or church in the world. It is all built of the finest marble and the dome and all the pictures which decorate the church are of



mosaic, though they look like paintings.

We saw the ruins of the Roman Forum. They were interesting. There were many beautiful fluted columns. In the floor of one room there were some very old coins, but they were covered and preserved by a metal cover. We have been in the Vatican museum and in many other museums and churches.

I should like to become a Joy Giver, too. I like to read the poems and stories very much. Here is my picture playing shuffleboard with my daddy on the George Washington.

Yours truly,

JEANNETTE I. LONG

Age 8



How often have you nerves been worn to a frazzle? How often have you felt that the training of the children was too much of a burden?

## Do Your Children Ever Make You Nervous?

After a rainy day shut in, or after a Sunday's visiting are your nerves worn to a frazzle? Are the Children Perverse, Contrary, Unmanageable? Do you ever feel as though you couldn't stand it another minute?

WOULD you like to be able to manage your children easily and quietly, without constant "don'ts" and threats of punishment? Would you like to know how to win the child's cooperation, to get him or her always to obey quickly.

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever banish disobedience, willfulness and untruthfulness with their consequent worry, strain and nervous fatigue.

### An Amazing Change

Under this new system even children who have been positively unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear and bragging are overcome.

Instead of an unpleasant duty, a nerve racking task, child training becomes a genuine pleasure. The parent shares every confidence, joy and sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its respect and obedience.

### Due to an Entirely New Method

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which the parent can easily follow.

### Full Information Costs Only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge, our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

### THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION

Dept. 969. Pleasant Hill, Ohio

The Parents Association, Dept. 969, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," and information about the Parents Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

☐ Check this square if you would also like to receive full information about the Beery Educational Playbox, an amazing New Kind of Play.

## Your Spare Time Is Worth \$3.00 An Hour ~



**MRS. HAWN** of Oklahoma (at the left) secured enough subscriptions to **CHILD LIFE** in one afternoon to earn \$9.66.

Invest your spare time with us for one month and prove to yourself that you, too, can earn money every spare hour. You can realize a nice income with an extra bonus each month.

The income depends entirely on how much time you have to invest. Mrs. Black of Virginia received from us \$24.75 one month; Miss Townsend of Iowa \$60.30; Mr. Clow of California \$77.50; Mrs. Gardiner of New York \$20.40. Many others have invested their spare time with us and earned from \$10.00 to \$30.00 each month.

We should like to tell you personally about our plan so that you, too, can earn money in your spare time.

**CHILD LIFE Subscription Club**  
536 South Clark Street,  
Chicago, Ill.

**NAN McCULLOCH**, Secretary

Please tell me your plan for turning my spare time into money.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

**Start your children right!**  
Let them learn art appreciation while they play.  
Instead of your children playing with rubbishy pictures cut from papers, give them this scrap book containing lovely miniature prints of famous paintings to paste into the blank pages. It is called "A Picture Party," contains 20 pictures in all, in full colors of the originals, gummed and ready for mounting along side the printed story of the picture as told by Maude I. G. Oliver—making them seem very real. Sells like hot cakes wherever mothers appreciate opportunities for providing cultural assistance for their children. Lovely for Xmas and birthday gifts and for providing amusement on stormy days.  
**BROWN-ROBERTSON & CO., Inc.**  
Educational Art Publishers  
8-10 East 49th St. New York

**The Prettiest Room**  
It is the one full of pictures with no ugly wires showing.  
**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points  
**Moore Push-less Hangers**  
"The Hanger with the Twist!"  
They make picture hanging joyful  
**10c pkts.** Everywhere  
**MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

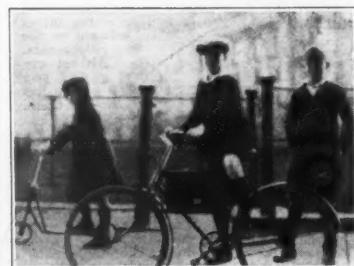
**KoKoMo**  
**SKATES**  
with the self-contained ball bearing wheels, the truss frame construction and the "rocking chair" movement are—  
"Young America's First Choice"  
Ask your dealer for the skate with the **RED DISC**  
Steel Thread or Rubber Tires  
**Ko Ko Mo Stamped Metal Co., KOKOMO, INDIANA**

**Safe Milk**  
and Diet  
For **INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.**  
Avoid Imitations  
ASK for **Horlick's**  
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

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Dear **CHILD LIFE**:

I **LIKE** your stories very much. Especially I like the Dizzy Lizzie stories and the other serials. I am an American boy who lives in Germany. I am 8 years old. Germany is different from America. They have men for teachers, instead of ladies. Here is my picture. I am on the scooter. The one on the bicycle is my 13-year-old brother, and the other one is my 11-year-old brother. In the background of the picture is the German "Reichstag," or Capitol. Here



is also a poem I made up when I came home from shopping with a toy balloon.

### THE EVENING

**H**OMeward, onward, homeward,

With the balloon flying low;  
Oh, it is pleasant to walk  
In this evening glow!

Homeward, onward, homeward,  
With the balloon flying high;  
Oh, it is nice to walk  
'Neath this six-o'clock sky!

Your loving reader,

**PATSY CONGER**  
Schiffbauerdamm 28,  
Berlin N. W. 6, Germany.

Age 8

P. S. How do you like the new writing paper I got for Christmas? I also got tracks for my electric train, a red, green and white flashlight, two cars, some books, a sword and trumpet, soldiers, a conductor's outfit, and several games. That's a lot, isn't it? I have founded a surprise club. We sing songs at Easter, Fourth of July and Christmas.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a little English girl and I have an auntie living in Chicago who sends me CHILD LIFE every month. I am very fond of "The Toytown Tattler" and the children's letters. I haven't any brothers or sisters, but I have a little dog for a companion, which I am very fond of. His name is Tim and he is black and tan. He is only eight months old. He waits at the gate for me, when I come from school.

Will you please put this letter in the magazine?

LORNA HOLLOWAY

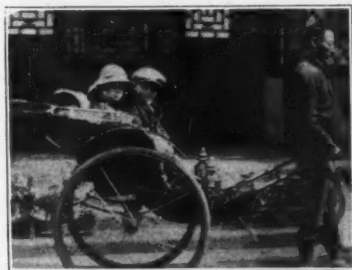
Rose Cottage, Camp Road,  
Freshwater, Isle of Wight,  
Age 7¾ England

Dear Miss Waldo:

I RECEIVED my membership card yesterday, and I just love it. It is beautiful. I was glad to get your very nice letter, too. You said you hoped I was going to frame the card. Well, I am.

Yours very truly and sincerely,

EMMA QUESADA  
Calle 21, entre n y o,  
Vedado, Havana, Cuba



CHARLOTTE AND HER BROTHER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAVE been reading CHILD LIFE for a long time now and like it very much. I love to read it and I like the paper dolls especially.

We have been in Japan and have seen some of the things that the story of Japanese toys tells about. My brother and I go to the Peking American school. We go in a Rickshaw. I am sending you a picture of us in our Rickshaw.

Sincerely,

CHARLOTTE YOUNG  
1 Ta Pu Kai Shih Hautung,  
Age 8 Peking, China

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.....KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS

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Grimm Bros.

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.....ANT VENTURES

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### TOMMY MOUSE AND HIS ADVENTURE

ONCE there was a little mouse, who was very discontented and cross. His mother was very tired of his behavior. She told him to stay in, because he was so light that a puff of wind would blow him away. He said he was big enough to take care of himself.

At last his mother said: "Go! Go and see if you fare better than you do now! When you are tired, come home."

Tommy jumped up and scurried to the door. He didn't even stop to comb his whiskers or brush his coat. He just jumped out happily and said: "That mother of mine doesn't know what is good!" He scampered over to Smiling Pool and had a long chat with Grandfather Frog. Soon he began to be hungry and remembered that he had seen Farmer Brown's wife putting up some jam. Old Mr. Buzzard was flying in the sky.

"Take me to Farmer Brown's pantry," begged Tommy.

"Very well," said old Mr. Buzzard.

Tommy felt himself being lifted through the air and was soon at the pantry window. He thanked Mr. Buzzard and found the jam. Using his tail for a spoon, Tommy began his lunch, but when he reached the last jar, his tail stuck and he could not get away. My, how he wished he had stayed with Mother Mouse!

Finally Mrs. Brown came in, and Tommy was caught and put in a bird cage. Luckily Tommy was tiny and he slipped out and got home.

"How safe I am in my little bed, Mother!" he said. "I'll never run away again!"

MARJORIE McLERON  
Tampico, Mexico

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I WANT some one to write to me so badly. I am nine years old and my mother has just given me CHILD LIFE.

DANA DE VIGHNE  
Juneau, Alaska  
Age 9

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM a little American girl, but Father travels a lot, and I am living for a time in Australia. I simply love CHILD LIFE, which mother gave me for a birthday present. Thank you for my Joy Givers' card. I shall certainly try to give joy to others. The best of luck to dear CHILD LIFE! I made up this poem all myself.

### CHILD LIFE

THE first month that my CHILD LIFE came

I with joy was wild.

Mother thought it very nice  
And said, "Just the book for a child!"

Your little friend,

HARRIETTE LAMBERT  
% American Consul,  
Sydney, Australia.  
Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very much. I live in Holland, but my aunt in America has taken my subscription and she sends it to me every month. I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I am sending you a poem and a drawing I made myself.

Yours lovingly,

MEA THOE SCHARTZENBERG  
Bilthoven, Holland  
Age 11

### OLD KING COLE

WHEN the twilight was falling  
And the night was coming on,  
I heard some music and some talking  
On the lawn.  
When I rushed to the window to see,  
I saw Old King Cole and his fiddlers three.

I went outside, but as I feared  
Old King Cole had disappeared.  
But when the twilight's falling  
And the night is coming on,  
I always hear them music making  
On the lawn.

MEA THOE SCHARTZENBERG  
Bilthoven, Holland  
Age 11

